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GLADSTONE AND HALIFAX.

WITHIN a few months Mr. Gladstone will be Prime Minister of England. We seem to have passed through a whole age of change since men muttered in Pall-mall that "it would never do," and whispered in the corridors of Westminster Palace that "Halifax was the safest man." That a Halifax premiership should ever have been thought of seems incredible—so incredible that in all probability it may not find a place in history. If so, our times, or at least our official Liberal politicians, will have the better prospect of escaping contempt. But that Lord Halifax—a dry official, pledged only to the fortunes of his party—was gravely spoken of as our next Liberal Prime Minister, is as true as it is likely to be hereafter forgotten. And it is also true that throughout the Reform campaigns of 1866 and 1867 the tactics which Mr. Gladstone adopted, sometimes probably against his better judgment, and which threatened occasionally to weaken the attachment of some of the staunchest Liberals towards him, were said to have been devised by Lord Halifax, as the shrewdest and most contriving amongst the old Whig heads who took for granted that, though Mr. Gladstone was to reign, they were to govern. Why do we rake up these wretched bygones? Not, certainly, because the conjunction of Gladstone and Halifax is likely to represent the coming phase of Liberal administration. The idea never had much life, and is now stone dead. It was the last remnant of the old Whig feeling, which shuddered at the supremacy of a leader who had not entered the Liberal sanctum through the portals of the Whig school, and that feeling is now, if not entirely extinguished, entirely exorcised by the free air of popular opinion. Still there is a reason for coupling the names of Gladstone and Halifax once again together. We connect them as names are connected at the head of divorce cases, in order that they may be effectually separated for ever.

Not that we would bar Lord Halifax out of Downing-street; the idea would be almost profane. He is welcome to any administrative office he can obtain, and there is scarcely one which under Mr. Gladstone he would not fill with credit. Mr. Gladstone must be severed, not from Viscount Halifax's subordinate co-operation, but from Whig ideas of slowness, safety, and party interest. Mr. Gladstone never was a Whig. He was predisposed to Liberalism of one kind by his early idolatry of Canning, and he was drawn towards Liberalism of another kind by his participation in the great free-trade changes. Neither of these tendencies was Whigish, but both served with other circumstances to associate Mr. Gladstone with the official Liberal party. Even then he did not become in the least degree a Whig, and was

thought to be even a bad Palmerstonian. He was against the Crimean war, though with Lord Aberdeen he drifted into it. His great financial measures were after the manner of Peel; not after the manner of Sir Charles Wood, nor entirely to the taste of Sir George Cornewall Lewis. His French treaty was the offspring of Mr. Cobden, and the paper duty remission which formed part of the scheme was the long-established project of Mr. Milner Gibson, another prominent Radical of the Manchester school. Even in the matter of expenditure Mr. Gladstone held Radical opinions, and in his late speeches he delicately, but firmly, after some hesitation, threw upon public opinion, which in this case is a sort of metonymy for Palmerston, the responsibility of the lavishness which, in spite of all his economies, prevailed while he was in office. Thus we find that the present leader of the Liberal party, the Premier-designate of the moiety of politicians formerly generically called Whigs, has hardly a single feeling or opinion in common with the official caste of his party, except so far as they, as formerly Whigs, accept, with him, as formerly a Tory, the doctrines of the Radicals, till now deemed, except in a few rare instances, unable and unfit to guide the course of public affairs. The thorough individuality of Mr. Gladstone's position is a most encouraging and valuable fact, and ought at this moment to be firmly insisted upon by all holders of advanced opinions.

The Liberal party are just now shaking hands all round. Our unanimity is wonderful. There might never have been a difference amongst us, so complete is the reunion. It was necessary; it had often been necessary; never since 1832, or at latest 1835, had a real unity of Liberals existed. Lord John Russell was for finality as to the suffrage. Lord Melbourne said the free-traders were mad. Lord Palmerston accused Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright of "crouching" before the enemies of England. Even Edward Baines was deemed a sort of Robespierre. From 1835 till after Mr. Cobden's death all the principles which are now held to be the distinctive principles of the Liberal party were constantly supported—by whom? By the strength of the Liberal party? History will say otherwise. Non-interference, extension of the suffrage, the disestablishment of the Irish Church—these things were advocated and pushed forward by a knot of from fifty to eighty members of Parliament, whom the responsible Liberal leaders lost no opportunity of disowning, snubbing, pooh-poohing, and leaving out in the cold. In 1859 the prospects of the official Liberals were very gloomy. Something had to be attempted. The Willis's Rooms compact was done. The Radicals also were done. The second Palmerston period began. That was a halcyon period for official Liberals; but it was a sad and despairing time for those who held what the official Liberals

now declare to be the distinctive principles of their party. These unfortunates—the “impetuous van,” as they have lately been called—began voting their fifties and eighties again with their old doggedness, but very little of their old hopefulness. Bright and even Baines became the *bêtes noires* of the great Liberal party, and at right and ripe moments Mr. Lowe and Mr. Horsman gave full expression—the latter on the French treaty, the former on the six-pounds borough franchise Bill—to those reactionary sentiments which were beginning to characterize more and more a party which, since it gave up the Appropriation Clause in 1835, had never been more than nominally Liberal.

The result was absolute disorganization, veiled by an optimist confidence in Lord Palmerston, who, though never a thorough Liberal, had always sufficient sympathy with Liberal tendencies to make capital out of the accomplished facts of Liberal progress. Real union for work and legislation was never possible while the Radicals were treated as cynical, impracticable, unpatriotic eccentrics. It was essential that the ulcerous place which the Willis's Rooms treaty had not even skinned and filmed should be definitively scooped out and got rid of. It is the fashion to say that Lord Palmerston's death wrought the needed change, but this is only partly true. His disappearance from the scene was indeed openly awaited by Mr. Bright as an essential preliminary; but before Lord Palmerston died—before his last Parliament expired—the great gong of change was struck by a firm, bold hand. It was the hand which now sways the destiny of the Liberal party, at last reunited and going forth to conquer in a spirit worthy of its pretensions. Mr. Gladstone's speech on Mr. Baines' Bill was the commencement of the new era. His bold advocacy of a truly popular franchise during his son's candidature at Chester was the next step. Lord Palmerston's death was the next. The “flesh and blood” Reform Bill was the next. The reproof and discomfiture of the Lowe faction by the Radical-Tory Reform Bill all but completed the transformation. And it was consummated by the single sentence in Mr. Gladstone's speech on Mr. Maguire's motion, in which he announced that the Irish Church as an Establishment must cease to exist. From that moment no more fifties and eighties recording in the teeth of the united Liberal and Conservative parties what we are now told are distinctively Liberal principles! From that moment the Liberal party was reunited.

But upon what understanding? Upon the only possible basis—Radical and progressive principles of improvement. This is the very last bond of union which the official Liberals wished or expected to see adopted. But their little designs are now past praying for, and they have accepted the new official *régime*, as is their manner, with a good grace. Their half-heartedness during Mr. Gladstone's Reform difficulties in 1866, which was palpable not only at Brookes's, but at the Reform Club, contrasts in the retrospect almost ludicrously with their present zeal for the Radical programme upon which Mr. Gladstone is to come into power. Upon that programme the Liberals are strongly united. The party may be disintegrated hereafter upon the Irish land question, upon the Eastern question, or upon some diplomatic or colonial subject, but it is at present one—one upon a Radical basis—one upon a Radical basis which would never have been selected but for Mr. Gladstone's individual resolution. Let those, therefore, who deem Mr. Gladstone's leadership adverse to the union of the party—let those poor official gadflies who look upon Mr. Gladstone as merely a rather dangerous instrument which they must use in order to buzz back into Downing-street—let Mr. Gladstone himself, when he is tempted by generosity and *esprit de corps* to accept too absolutely the responsibilities of the old official Liberal party—understand and remember firstly, that the party, as reunited, is a Radical party; secondly, that it is so because Mr. Gladstone chose, with the people to back him, that it should be so; thirdly, that with any relapse into Whig quietism the union of the party would be dissipated; fourthly, that Whig quietism is to be avoided by Mr. Gladstone continuing to sever himself from it, and to make activity in amelioration the tenure by which his party shall hold power.

For our part we say, without reserve, that this tone, maintained as it will be, we may be sure, without a shade of arrogance, but with unyielding self-respect and regard for principle, is absolutely essential if the hopes of the country are to be fulfilled. The real Liberals of to-day—the Liberals unshackled by tradition—entertain Mr. Mill's hearty con-

tempt for those whose Liberalism consists in approving of those Liberal measures which have been already passed. They read with scorn such lucubrations as appear in the new number of the *Edinburgh Review*, the gist of which is that all things in heaven and earth ought to work together to keep the Whigs in office, irrespective of measures, and that he who gets office by giving better measures than the Whigs have ready, flies wickedly in the face of Providence. They believe it was Halifax influence, or that which we typify by the name of Halifax, that inspired the £5-line policy which provoked the Radical Tea-room. They admire the tone of Mr. Goschen when he says the country has never seen what the administration of our expenditure would be with Mr. Gladstone supreme in a Liberal Administration. They long to see Mr. Gladstone act for himself, and for his party, in such matters as the Eastern question, instead of submitting to be pledged by the effete Turcophilism of Mr. Layard. And they have not forgotten that even Lord Russell would have been left in the rear of the Liberal party but for the generous readiness with which, at Mr. Gladstone's instance, he threw overboard the Irish Church scheme, which at the commencement of this year he announced in his letter to Mr. Fortescue.

All these aspirations for the future, associated with Mr. Gladstone's individuality—all these criticisms on the past, suggested by the shortcomings of his leading Whig colleagues—point the moral of the present situation. We have not the smallest fear of Viscount Halifax setting up for himself. We have not the least doubt of the loyalty of the official Liberals to the Gladstone programme. We have not forgotten the speeches made in the House of Lords by the Earl of Clarendon and other peers in support of Irish Church disestablishment. As respects the concurrence and zeal of the old Whigs we have no doubt whatever. Only we are a little irritated when Mr. Massey at Liverpool, and other gentlemen identified with the official Liberals, forget the pit from which they were dug by Mr. Gladstone, and talk as if he had simply led them along a highway of their own paving. This is a delusion which must not be allowed to spread, and there is the more reason to expose it because Mr. Bright vies with Mr. Gladstone in generosity, and declines to accept any credit for the recent liberalization of English politics that he does not share with the party which has spurned him throughout his political life. “Only the combatants from the beginning,” says Victor Hugo, “have a right to be the exterminators at the end.” It is best for every one—above all, it is best for the country—that Liberal Englishmen should understand who won the late victories, who has the right to lead hereafter, and to what amount of pre-eminence he is entitled.

THE PRESIDENTIAL CONTEST.

A MONTH ago many political speculators, both in this country and in the United States, took the trouble to make a careful estimate of the chances of success of the Republican and Democratic candidates for the Presidency. It was courageously asserted by some who even claimed the name of Unionists that there was an end of the Republican party, of the party which had triumphed over the slave power in 1860 at the polls, which had fought with unflinching resolution the great battle of freedom against armed rebellion in the South and cold neutrality among the Northern Democrats, which had reinstated Mr. Lincoln in 1864 in the Presidential chair, which had brought the civil war to a victorious issue, and made emancipation an accomplished fact. It was persistently urged that all the sense and spirit of the North rejected the Congressional policy, was willing to take back the revolted States into the Union unconditionally, and, for the sake of peace and quiet, to abandon all that had been gained by four years of internecine warfare. The platform of Mr. Seymour and General Blair, as defined at the Democratic Convention, was announced to be that upon which the people of the United States had set their hearts. The two main planks of that platform were the concession of perfect freedom of action to the white populations of the slave States, and the preservation of the national credit intact. The first measure would have had for its result, as was amply proved by the conduct of the State Legislatures of Georgia and Mississippi, the re-enactment of all the worst provisions of the old slave code very slightly disguised. The Vagrant laws and the Apprenticeship laws, lately passed in the States referred to, prove to

what lengths the old party of ascendancy would go if they could only secure themselves from any interference on the part of the Federal Government. That the Federal Government should interfere frequently or violently in the internal affairs of any of the States would outrage the fundamental maxims of the Federal polity. If, therefore, the negro in the South is to be secured the rights of a man, this cannot be effected otherwise than by giving him the privileges of a citizen. The Republican policy accordingly adopted "impartial suffrage" for the South as one of its leading principles. While the negro has a vote, and has his life protected in the use of it, it will hardly pay for the slaveholder to crush him with the penalties of Vagrant Acts. The second question which separates the Republican policy from that of the Democrats, though the boundary line is here by no means so sharp and distinct, is whether the national debt is to be paid off, according to the terms of the contract, in gold, or, as Mr. Pendleton, General Blair, and other leading Democrats have proposed, in depreciated paper currency. Dependent on this issue is another, only inferior to this in importance: whether the interest on the national bonds is to be taxed, as the Democrats also propose, in violation of an express contract. A trenchant letter from Mr. Mill on these questions of financial policy may be commended to any persons who are yet in doubt as to their scope and probable consequences. "It is painful," says Mr. Mill, "even to have to answer such questions. The success of either proposal would, in my estimation, be one of the heaviest blows that could be given to the reputation of popular Governments and to the morality and civilization of the human race." There are probably very few persons in England who at all hesitate to condemn the monstrous breach of national faith to which the Democratic party are pledged; and, condemning that, we cannot see how they can support the pretensions of Mr. Seymour and General Blair against those of General Grant and Mr. Schuyler Colfax. Yet the claims of the Republican candidates have been scoffed at by English writers, and a Democratic victory has been trumpeted in confident predictions which events at last have falsified.

The actual contest—that is, the choice of the electors who in their turn are to choose the President and Vice-President—takes place on the 3rd of November; but the result is already practically determined by the State elections that have been decided during the present month. The large Republican majorities obtained in Maine and Vermont excited no surprise, for those thoroughly Yankee States were secure for the Free-soil party. But on the 13th of October the position of Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Indiana was settled, and the defeat of Mr. Seymour placed out of all dispute. In the three States we have named, in the newly-settled State of Nebraska, and in Western Virginia, the Democrats announced themselves confident of success. Full details of the polling in the five States have now been ascertained. In Pennsylvania, called the Keystone State, because its vote has usually decided the policy of the nation, the partisans of Grant and Colfax had a majority of 10,000 over the Seymour-Blair faction. In Ohio the Republicans scored a majority of 16,500 votes. In Indiana, where two years ago they carried all before them, their majority was diminished to 1,000. In Nebraska, they count a majority of 2,000; and in Western Virginia, as we learn this week, as much as 4,000. But mere figures do not measure the political importance of these victories. The case of Pennsylvania is a striking one. In seven out of eight elections, from 1828 to 1856, the State recorded Democratic majorities against one Republican, and in all save one of these cases the party who received the support of Pennsylvania carried away the Presidential prize. In 1860, at the election of Governor, the Republicans were successful; and to this event was mainly due the election of Mr. Lincoln to the chair. In 1864 the Democrats were again defeated, and Mr. Lincoln was again chosen. These historical facts fully justify the claim of Pennsylvania to the title of the Keystone State. At the elections of the present month the Republican victory was further marked by the rejection of a much respected and able Democrat, Senator Buckalew. In Indiana the Republican majority was diminished, but Senator Hendricks, another of Mr. Seymour's most distinguished followers, was beaten. The apparent decline of the Republicans in this State since 1866 is to be explained by the large accession of Southern partisans from Kentucky. The Democratic Convention of Indiana, which organized the election campaign, included twenty-five

rebel generals, thirty colonels, ten majors, twenty captains and subaltern officers, five rebel governors, and fifteen members of the Confederate Congress. These figures show to what an extent Indiana has been settled by the slaveholding caste. That, in spite of this, the Grant-Colfax platform scored a majority must be taken to indicate that the people are resolute in their adhesion to it. In Ohio, where, as in Pennsylvania, the Republican party was for a moment divided and disorganized in 1867 by the popularity of Pendleton's financial policy, the temporary defection has been atoned for. So complete, in fact, has been the discomfiture of the Democrats, that one section of the party have started, even at this late period, the project of changing the candidates by substituting the name of Chief Justice Chase for that of Mr. Seymour. One of the most influential of the Democratic organizations, the New York National Democratic Committee, has declared this scheme impracticable, remembering probably Mr. Lincoln's shrewd saying, "It is dangerous to swop horses when you're crossing the stream." Mr. Chase is pledged to an honest financial policy, and his selection now would merely exhibit the inherent weakness and internal divisions of the party. Whatever desperate expedients the Democratic leaders may resort to, it is now too late to shake or change the calm judgment of the nation. The computations of General Grant's majority next week vary. The most temperate of them put down twenty-two States, having two hundred and three electoral votes, on his side; while on the side of Mr. Seymour, allowing for every uncertain State and admitting the claim, which Congress refuses to recognise, of the "Unorganized" Southern States, we can only reckon fifteen States and one hundred and thirty-six votes. This estimate would give the Grant-Colfax ticket a clear majority of sixty-seven votes. The event to be determined on Tuesday may somewhat exceed or fall short of this; but the victory of the Republican candidates, and of the principles of human freedom and national good faith, is already assured.

THE SECRET OF SADOWA.

THE Prussian campaign in Bohemia was so rapid, decisive, and brilliant a feat—so entirely dramatic in character—that we need not wonder that political theorists were much exercised in explaining it. According to them it was only the splendid climax of an audacious political programme. It was the result of an admirable plan, concocted by consummate foresight, and executed with rapidity and daring. In a very short time, the public mind was made up on the point. The whole course of Bismarck's action was laid bare. Nothing was wanting to the harmony and beauty of the theory which so kindly adapted itself to circumstances, and showed us the exact and obvious causes which led to the sudden humiliation of Austria. Briefly stated, this theory of the German war, which is at present the prevailing one, is as follows. Prussia, confident in her northern virility, her army-organization, and her "mission," resolved to be the Piedmont of Germany. It was no new wish; but circumstances brought it nearer to the boundaries of the possible than it had ever been before. She wanted to secure Alsen and Kiel previous to having a tussle with Austria; and so Count Bismarck led his southern neighbour into the Danish war. Armed with this pretty bone of contention, Bismarck could now provoke a fight with Austria without drawing down on himself the opposition of the entire Bund. He had coaxed Austria out of the Bund; and now, finding her alone, began to dictate terms. Austria, very sorry that she had ever entered into the Gastein Convention, appealed to the Bund to insist on the demobilization of the Prussian army. And now Count Bismarck resolved to strike—swiftly and definitely. The old Bund was demolished one day; a declaration of war against Hanover and Saxony issued the next; war against Austria declared three days after; and then Prussia, having overrun Hanover, Hesse, Nassau, and Saxony, and with her Italian ally also ready to strike, resolved, like General Sherman, to "proceed southward." Within one month Königgrätz had crushed the immense army of Austria, the Prussians lay within sight of her capital, and the Viennese, as they walked along the broad Ludwigstrasse, listened for the sound of cannon. It was a pretty climax to a pretty theory. Then France the peace-maker came in and made it all right with both Powers, securing Venetia for the young kingdom of Italy which had grown up under her motherly care.

We seldom know much of the real history of contemporary events until death reveals the secrets of some of the principal persons concerned in them. It is difficult to get rid of the impression that the great changes which alter the political map of a continent are somehow inevitable things—that they bear down in their irresistible progress the chicanery of statesmen, and are a law unto themselves. As a matter of fact, however, we do discover that many of these stupendous events, so important and even appalling in their consequences, are the result of this or that little whim, or freak, or caprice of this or that potentate; and that while the contemporary historians who write leading articles are tracing in the course of political action the evidence of gigantic forces, the real force has been a letter written in a moment of spleen, or an interview at an opportune time, when the royal mind was open to conviction. M. Klaczko, a Polish political writer of eminence, has just published an account of the secret negotiations which preceded the Bohemian campaign. M. Klaczko, it is said, derives most of his information from State papers, and his revelations of these diplomatic mysteries have awakened much attention, discussion, and opposition in the French and Italian capitals. Whatever may be thought of the genuineness of his story, there is this to be said in its favour—it is not too probable. The accidents necessarily interfering with the carrying out of any political programme—especially one of such magnitude as that comprehending a great war—render it extremely unlikely that a simple and easy explanation of the resulting events is likely to be correct. Facts do not always square even with the plans of a Bismarck. The chief points in these discoveries of M. Klaczko are, first, that the defeat of Prussia was confidently calculated on both by Austria and by France; second, that before the commencement of the war, Venetia had been privately ceded to France by Austria, who hoped to recompense herself by the annexation of Prussian Silesia; third, that France was to conceal the cession of Venetia from Italy until Austria had, for her honour's sake, given Italy a little thrashing; and that, lastly, France was to be rewarded by the formation of a new State out of the Rhenish provinces, whether under her disinterested supervision or not M. Klaczko does not say. These arrangements followed upon certain diplomatic movements on the part of France, extending backward to the close of the Danish war. At that time France found herself somewhat out in the cold. Looking about for allies, she first turned to Italy, who was already considerably indebted to her. According to M. Klaczko, the statesmen who represented Italy in these negotiations laid down as the primary condition necessary to secure that perpetual amity which is always to exist between contracting Powers, the furtherance of a war with Austria for the cession of Venetia. France now cast her eyes northward. It was at this moment that Bismarck was big with his schemes of Prussian aggrandisement, and he employed all his persuasive eloquence, at Biarritz and elsewhere, to convince the French diplomatists that France had nothing to fear from Prussia assuming the influence which was properly her own on the northern side of the Main. Count Bismarck had already concluded with Austria a secret treaty to the effect that Prussia would assist her southern rival in the event of Venetia being attacked; but Bismarck, counting upon French neutrality and Austrian blindness, began to coquet with Italy. In the mean time Prussia and Austria entered into the Gastein Convention; whereupon M. Drouyn de Lhuys, always an enemy of Prussia, tried to put a stumbling-block in the path of friendly relations between Prussia and Italy, by inducing Austria to cede Venetia for a sum of money. Count Bismarck, we are told, "became alarmed." A coalition of Austria, France, and Italy, certainly looked very threatening. Bismarck proceeded to cultivate his Italian alliance; and, that being secured, felt that his only chance lay in that happy audacity and bold decision which had already served him in his conflicts with the Prussian Parliament. France remained strictly neutral, proposing to herself a handsome fee as peace-maker when the fortune of war should have put one of the combatants at the mercy of the other. The Prussian treaty with Italy provided that neither ally was to cease hostilities until Italy obtained Venetia and Prussia corresponding advantages in Germany. A subsidy of 120,000,000 francs was to be granted to Victor Emmanuel. Prussia refused to confide to Italy the plan of her campaign in Bohemia, for reasons, doubtless, which diplomatic courtesy did not care to state; but she afterwards furnished her southern ally with a plan for the campaign in

Italy, which General La Marmora quietly disregarded. And now it befel that Austria, to render certain the promised neutrality of France, agreed privately to cede to her Venetia. The cession was kept secret from Italy; but Count Bismarck, it is said, had some notion of the private understanding, and he therefore dictated the plan of the Italian campaign which we have mentioned, in order that the Austrian troops might not concentrate their force upon Bohemia, confident that whatever happened in Italy did not matter much. The peculiar thing in all this is, that it seems to have been taken for granted that Austria must win both in the north and in the south. That portion of her army told off to encounter the Italians was to win a battle "for honour's sake," while the remainder of her forces was to scatter the Prussian *corps d'armée* in the gorges of the Riesen and Habelschwerter Gebirge. The somewhat hasty assertion of Benedek, that in a fortnight he would be in Berlin, was only a reflection of the general confidence in Austrian success. Francis Joseph and Napoleon III. were to settle between them what should be done to curb the violence of that little Protestant Power which was beginning to trouble the political waters. The most beautiful diplomatic manipulations waited upon this contingency. Italy was to have her Venetia; France, a modest share of the Rhine territory; Austria that debateable Catholic land lying on the north-east of Bohemia; and Prussia—for even she was not to be forgotten in the general division of profits—was to be "rendered stronger and more homogeneous in the north," forming a "useful barrier against Russia."

"*Blut und Eisen*" interfered with those calculations. But, such as they are, they deserve to be placed on record. What degree of credibility is to be attached to M. Klaczko's statements will soon be made apparent; and in the mean time it can only be said that they look much more like a matter-of-fact statement of what actually led to the battle of Sadowa than the popular theory which imagines the diplomatic and military campaign to have been carefully and accurately mapped out in Count Bismarck's head months before the events happened. An easy and obvious explanation of political phenomena is, as we have hinted, seldom worthy of trust. Bismarck is a remarkably clever, and shifty, and audacious statesman, but he is not possessed of supernatural powers of divination. We believe that during that rush of events which terminated so luckily for him, he was as much driven by circumstances as he was the driver of them. And yet he struck fearlessly and well when the one grand opportunity came before him; and in a few weeks did more for Germany than her poets, and patriots, and philosophers had done for centuries. The story about his keeping a loaded pistol in his pocket, and his having presented it at his head just before the Crown Prince came up to retrieve the waning fortunes of Prussia on the 3rd of July, is almost certainly a *canard*. A man who had such an intensely *personal* view of the conflict would never have precipitated it, could he have helped it; and if he could not have helped it, he would have been without that terrible sense of responsibility. We do not imagine that M. Klaczko's revelations prove that honesty is the best policy, because Prussia, no doubt, would have been as eager as any one else to enter into advantageous private negotiations; but they do prove that the most experienced heads in Europe are apt to leave out of their calculations those accidental disturbances which have so much to do with shaping political events.

A CANDIDATE UNATTACHED.

MR. WILLIAM RAY SMEE has published an address to all constituencies. Mr. Smeë has such a catholic love for his fellow countrymen that he does not care what particular section of them he may represent in Parliament. He is willing to devote his energies to advancing the interests of any borough which has sufficient penetration to recognise his merits. He fixes his wide and impartial gaze upon the whole country, from the Orkneys to Cornwall, and only wants to catch the eye of the first bidder. Serenely elevated above the dust and discomfort of local contests, he remains on the look-out for that mysterious nod which shall invite him to come down from his pedestal and receive the crown of election. True, he does not leave us quite in the dark as to the reasons which *ought* to influence the regard of some one constituency. Mr. Smeë, we frankly admit, is not unknown to fame. He must not be placed in the ranks of those strange persons who, at election times, suddenly sound their name

abroad and puzzle honest people over its inexplicable absence from the "Court" leaves in the "London Directory." Mr. Smee may at least claim that guarantee of respectability; and that Mr. Smee is a very respectable person we do not mean for a moment to dispute. His name continually figures in one or two of the daily papers. He is an "F.S.A." When we come to inquire into those specific political merits which all constituencies are invited to consider, we find them imposing, but vague. There is an avoidance of detail about Mr. Smee's confession of political faith. He informs us that throughout his life he has advocated and created measures of progress. For many years he has devoted his time to the study of political, financial, and social questions; and, when he has written, "it has never been for party, but always for national objects." He is, in brief, above party. His exalted aims would be interfered with were he to mix in the vulgar contests of St. Stephen's. His lofty and unimpassioned intellect would suffer by contact with the rude squabbles of Tory, Whig, and Radical; wherefore Mr. Ray Smee has kept himself aloof from these sinful follies, and now offers himself to all constituencies as a candidate, clean and white, altogether unspotted with the mud of party conflict. *Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus*, he wants a borough to send him to Parliament as an example of what members ought to be, and are not. If elected, his future conduct will be a reflex of the past. His energies "will be devoted to improve and not oppose new measures; and the better to accomplish this, he would prefer giving a general support to the Government of the day, and be unfettered by party ties."

It is the Government *pro tem.* which Mr. Ray Smee is anxious to support. In the event of a great party conflict we presume he would withdraw to some convenient height, and there, telescope in hand, watch the varying fortunes of the two armies until the turn came for him to join the ranks of the victors and shout "huzza!" as lustily as any one. Between two Governments this political Captain Macheath would be incapable of choice. He could love either of the charmers. But he does not even promise to be faithful to the victor. This we consider to be unfair. Among the Chaco Indians of South America, when a married man finds himself with two wives, there is, according to a recent author, an easy method of settling the inevitable dispute. The two ladies engage in combat, and the winner carries off the husband, who is ordered by law to be faithful to her. But Mr. Ray Smee declines to yield the victor's rights. He will only give the winning Government a "general support." What the precise points are on which Mr. Smee would be likely to withdraw his support from any Government are not very clearly stated. The fact is, that a gentleman who addresses all constituencies must be very cautious. He has to deal with what the Greek philosophers called "universals." He has to abstract all points of difference until the residue which forms his political creed looks remarkably like a gun wanting stock and barrel. In Ireland he is "in favour of a generous and a great policy." So are most people; so are both the parties whose internecine war Mr. Smee despises—only there are points of discrepancy in what various people consider a generous and great policy. Pretty nearly similar words were once used by the martial apostles of the true faith who baptized whole villages of heretics, and then shot them down to insure their safe transit to a better world. We do not suppose that Mr. Smee would so "stamp out" Irish disaffection; but we wish to point out to him that, in politics, "universals" are rather unsatisfactory. He further remarks that "it will be his aim to calm and not excite religious passions, and to endeavour by wise enactments to cause persons of all creeds to live together in contentment and mutual respect"—in short, to live happy ever after. The Legislature is to rise superior to "personal and sectarian views," and the "pecuniary side of the Irish Church" question is not to cause trouble. If Mr. Gladstone's scheme fulfils these results, and pleases Mr. Smee, Mr. Smee will give it his support—presuming, of course, that Mr. Smee receives in the mean time the support of some borough constituency.

Now we do not know whether Mr. Smee has been moved to publish this address by the appearance of a recent and remarkable article from the pen of Mr. Morley in the *Fortnightly Review*. In that article Mr. Morley despaired of party-government; and, without advancing, as it seems to us, any very cogent reasons for his preference, aspired after some supremely wise and firm Government which would know exactly what to do, and be given time and opportunity

to do it by the common consent of all the representatives of the people. Doubtless a very nice thing, when it comes; but in the sighing for this state of things, we fancy we detect a desire for political authority begotten of the despair of all other kinds of authority. Anarchy of opinion invariably gets frightened at its own shadow, and rushes for aid to despotism of opinion. Yet the world is not dead merely because the Religion of Humanity—which unfortunately endeavours to confine certain infinite aspirations to the finite—has not triumphed. There is still something to be got from that old method of grinding out good corn from between the upper stone of Liberalism and the nether-stone of Conservatism; and people who have some regard for considerations of expediency, and some honest and still hopeful recognition of human imperfection, will prefer the keen criticism and free action of contending parties to the exaltation of a number of statesmen who may not only take occasion by the hand, but be inclined to take their opponents by the neck. We perhaps err in attributing Mr. Smee's appearance as a candidate to the influence of that school of which Mr. Morley is a leader; and the probability is that Mr. Smee has not been so influenced, for if there is one thing more than another which characterizes Mr. Morley and his associates, it is their commendable frankness of tone and definiteness of aim. Mr. Ray Smee is a sort of political jelly-fish, somewhat colourless, gelatinous to the touch, apparently unmoved by any passion or preference, but stretching out on every side a series of remarkably sensitive filaments. We should much regret to see this perfect equipoise endangered by the approach of any disturbing object in the shape of a constituency. At the same time there is little doubt but that Mr. Ray Smee would be of some use in the House of Commons. He would make a valuable member—for all constituencies, that is to say. If all the borough constituencies could return Mr. Ray Smee, their joint action might be appropriately requited by his probable movements in the House. But any single constituency would, we are afraid, be disappointed by this unattached candidate. Borough constituencies really have opinions. Moreover, they have a faith in the opinions of their party, and they have a faith in the leader of their party. They have a notion that political results are only achieved by combination, and that the wisdom of a political party is greater than that of any man in it. Finally, they know by experience that gentlemen who go into Parliament as independent critics generally spend their time in belauding themselves and quarrelling with everybody else; and the value of unlimited abuse is beginning to be underrated in the House as well as out of it. We fear, therefore, that Mr. Smee has called upon all the borough constituencies of the kingdom in vain, unless he follow up his address with a much more specific statement of his views and intentions. And, if he should prepare this second address, we trust it will be marked by a somewhat greater belief in our present political machinery, and by a somewhat less belief in Mr. William Ray Smee.

LIFE ASSURANCE.

JOINT-STOCK Companies, "Limited," have, just now, a very bad reputation. We believe we shall be right in saying that a majority of the companies formed under the Limited Liability Act have been already wound up, or are now in process of liquidation, with ruinous results to the shareholders, and, in many cases, with small or no dividends for the creditors. Assurance companies are not liable to suffer from panic in the same degree with banks and other public institutions, which hold money repayable at call; but should a general collapse occur in life assurance offices, similar to that which has attacked the miscellaneous companies, the results would be even more distressing. The majority in number of the assured are men whose incomes are small, and who are not possessed of any means beyond their policies with which to provide for their families. They are men whose incomes are so narrow that the temptation to spend to the uttermost farthing would overcome any desire on their part to accumulate investments in any other manner. But the regular recurrence of the annual premium comes upon them as a debt which has to be paid, and which, if not paid, is followed by the forfeiture of the policy itself. So it has come about that many thousands of policyholders, who are past the prime of life, and who from their age and from impaired constitutions are unable again to insure their lives, have nothing but their existing policies between their families and beggary. It is not easy to imagine what would be the effect

should a few of the large life assurance companies break up, so terrible would be the result. Those connected with assurance do point to offices—some of them doing a large business—whose continued existence is little short of a miracle, and whose final end will come with certainty when the first breath of popular suspicion touches them. There are other offices, doing both a life and a fire business, who have been compelled, from the heavy fire losses of the last few years, to make use of their life funds to pay their fire claims; so that the security of their life policies is imperilled. It is very seldom that persons whose lives are assured have such a knowledge as will enable them in any manner to judge of the stability of a company from the accounts and balance-sheets it publishes. As a rule, the public is satisfied by being told that the capital is a million or half a million, and the annual income so many hundred thousand pounds; while all the time the capital may be represented by totally insufficient securities, and the annual income be swallowed up by exorbitant commissions to agents, and what are called office expenses.

Any plan that will enable the assured to check the management of the companies is most desirable, and an ingenious system has been devised by Dr. Farr, of Somerset House, and adopted by an insurance company in Manchester, for this purpose. The method is this: The only form of investment allowed by the company is Government securities. Eighty per cent. of the sums paid by the assured is invested in the Funds, at compound interest, to provide for the policies. The remaining 20 per cent. goes for expenses. An audit-sheet is issued annually by the company; which audit-sheet sets out every policy issued by the company, with the number of the policy, the age and initials of the assured, the total amount of the premiums paid by him, the proportion of such premiums invested with the accumulated interest thereon, the surrender value of the policy, and the sum assured. Accompanying the audit-sheet are certificates by the stockbrokers, the trustees, and the auditors for the total amount of the proportion of the premiums invested. Each of the assured will naturally look for the record of his own policy, and thus every item of the investment account will be checked, so that, unless stockbrokers, trustees, and auditors all agree together to swindle the public, there is a guarantee that 80 per cent. of all the premiums paid will be available for the policies as they may fall in. There is also another feature connected with the British Imperial Corporation which is novel. It is that upon every policy issued is endorsed the surrender value of that policy on every subsequent year it may be in force. This surrender value appears to be rather under one half of the total amount of premiums paid, and the amount may at any time be drawn out by the assured, either as a loan or as a surrender of the policy. Supposing that the tables on which the company's risks are calculated are correct, and that 20 per cent. of the premiums is not more than can be afforded for the expenses of management, the principle adopted appears to secure a total absence of risk; the capital of the company being in the first instance available for any extraordinary mortality that might occur in the first few years of its existence. It is a fact that with a judicious selection of lives, without which no assurance company can be successful, the early years of a life company are a period of unalloyed satisfaction. The assured are young and healthy, and it is a considerable time before the company begins to feel a steady drain upon its resources from the policies falling in. Then is the critical time which tests judicious management and careful investment of resources. Against stupidity the gods fight in vain, and before bad management the soundest principles will go down in utter failure. No system can dispense with persistent and intelligent supervision. And, after all, the interests of public companies might always be in the hands of the directors. There is no reason, however, except their unaccountable lethargy, why shareholders should not exercise such an influence upon the directors as will either keep them up to their duty, or replace them by better men. But so long as shareholders allow their directors to attend public meetings with proxies in their pockets to carry any scheme they choose, and so long as all awkward inquiries can be stifled by the stereotyped reply that to answer questions relating to the finances of the company will be injurious to its interests, so long will bad and careless management be common. It is too often the case that neither directors nor shareholders dare to look a company's position fairly in the face, and so, waiting for some lucky chance to happen by which bad investments may become good ones, and the consequences of exorbitant expenditure be avoided, which lucky chance never comes; things go from bad to worse until the final catastrophe brings ruin upon all alike. We are not actuaries, but we fancy that any assurance

company, under decent management, investing 80 per cent. of its gross receipts on Government securities, at compound interest, must be a success; for there is nothing ascertainable with greater certainty than the average expectation of life, and the amount of premium which must be paid to render the assurance of life a profitable business.

THE DOCTOR.

IT is said of Shelley that one of his earliest and most passionate ambitions was to be a doctor. The reason is not far to seek. A poet with a peculiarly delicate nervous system could have had no hankering after the drug-store, the dividing-knife, the cautery, or the dissecting-room. But to be a successful doctor is to act so directly upon human pain, to feel so often at the first hand the grateful triumph of having helped a fellow-creature, that the wish is one which might readily occur to almost any one who had looked on pain, and seen it relieved by medical skill. It was a wish peculiarly natural to adolescence in an imaginative and sympathetic nature, for it is youth that dreams the Eldorado, the elixir of life, and similar beautiful impossibilities. It would not surprise any one who knows what the human heart is, to learn that imaginative young men had before now thought of taking up the healing art as a pursuit, in the confident belief that they would, by their wonderful discoveries, be able to root out disease; perhaps would be able to discover the secret of terrestrial immortality. This sounds wildly, but if the heart of a young man like the poet were *really* laid bare—for youth never makes a full disclosure of its hopes and aims, indeed it cannot—we should discover in it hopes quite as daring as those of any Paracelsus that ever lived. It is, at all events, perfectly safe to affirm that thousands of young men, when they enter upon a course of preparation for the medical profession, have a fixed idea that they will be able to extirpate some one particular disease; say, that they will be able to find a specific for cancer or consumption. And when a generation has alighted upon some agency that appears quite new, or quite newly applicable in certain directions, how eagerly is it yoked at once to the service of the suffering body! Take mesmerism; take electricity; take the homœopathic idea, as examples. But, in different ways, the most ardent come to learn the lesson that progress in the healing art, like progress in other things, is not effected *per saltum*, whatever discoveries are made in it; and that there is such a thing as incurable disease which does not kill speedily, as well as incurable disease which does. Little Copperfield says that he used to sit in church and wonder how the doctor liked the inscription on the memorial tablet which related how "physicians' skill was vain;" but a living death like that of Simorre (a curious case of perfect ankylosis), Heine, or Leopardi, or a case of long-spun torture from a hideous disease like cancer, is far more calculated to throw cold water on one's hopes. And then there is the fact that as fast as one type of disease is eradicated another appears to spring up. But for all these things medical science moves steadily forward, making real conquests, especially in its surgical branches, in which the victories are obvious and undeniable. In matters of mere drug-medication, we find the doctor is as much "chaffed" as the parson, and the quack has large opportunities. The list of agents whose action is strictly calculable, or strictly specific, is so few! Opium, quinine, alkalies, purgatives, mercury (?)—beyond these the list is not a long one; and it is hard for a profane outsider not to smile at the rules for compounding medicines, with the adjuvant, the corrigent, and all the rest of it. Not unfrequently we receive from a distinguished medical man a frank expression of helplessness in a particular case. Dr. Eliotson wrote, somewhere, that he firmly believed that if cholera patients had been kept warm and let alone, just as many would have recovered as did in fact get better under the very varied kinds of treatment to which the sufferers were subjected. Unless our memory fails us, the late Sir Benjamin Brodie, towards the close of his career, published a book in which he recanted, so to speak, the whole of his previous treatment of some disease—we think it was rheumatism—a treatment which had included active cupping and other agreeable "remedies." We do not make these references with any sinister purpose. On the contrary, nothing can be better for both doctor and patient than that the real function of the former should be clearly understood and stated. Such exclamations as "Save her, doctor, save her! I'll give you half my fortune if you'll save her life!"—exclamations natural to human anguish in desperate moments, show that for the moment the doctor is regarded as an enchanter. The same

feeling is, of course, largely prevalent among the ignorant of all classes, who neglect their own proper share of the work of cure, because they regard the medical man as a magician. He is, in truth, occasionally something like one, if he be a man born for the work; but, though the medical profession, offering, as it does, so much that is painful to the most hard-hearted, and so much that is repulsive even to the least sensitive, is more likely than some others to have been taken up by the man's own free choice, it does of necessity contain men of all grades of qualification. There are doctors of genius, doctors of talent, and doctors of very moderate skill indeed.

Our own observation upon the subject of the varying qualifications of doctors has uniformly pointed to two conclusions. For average patients—with their muddled heads, their forgetfulness even of what most intimately concerns themselves, their utter incapacity for self-government, and their still greater incapacity for making full and exact statements—the best doctor is decidedly a man with a knowledge of human nature so nearly approaching a genius for humbug that the interval between the two things is scarcely discernible, except to a humourist. An ordinary patient is nearly always himself a humbug, and his doctor should be a man quick to suspect him and see through all the disguises which his dulness and his vanity throw around the case. The other conclusion is that the best doctors for general practice are men who have a decided scientific bent, which manifests itself by their interest in something scientific which lies outside the strict pale of their profession. Undoubtedly there are very clever men with special "lines" of practice who seem to take little interest in anything but their special line; but all we can say is, that we think them unsafe practitioners when they are taken off their beat. The old saw sums up the qualifications for a doctor in the triad, "A lion's heart, an eagle's eye, and a lady's hand;" and it is not a bad summary. But, plainly, the qualifications for a doctor are, primarily, the same as for any other man of science. Hence, the great doctors and the best of the ordinary practitioners have, without exception, the scientific type of head, with the lower portion of the brow, which hangs over the eyes, strongly marked, and the eyes well set under the brows. In one respect, indeed, the typical doctor-brow is a painter's brow, and the man has to employ to a large extent the painter's faculties. He must be exceedingly quick to note, register, and combine the thousands of minute circumstances of form and colour which enter into the diagnosis of disease. But, on the whole, it is obvious that the aptitudes which are specially needed by the medical man are scientific or inductive. He must be keen to see, compare, and classify facts, and resolute in handling them. It is scarcely necessary to observe that the difference between the scientific mind proper and even the ordinary observant mind is, in these particulars, immense. You can persuade Polonius that the cloud is like a weasel or a whale, and you can confuse Brown or Jones in ten minutes' talk about the visible and tangible characteristics of something he saw and touched yesterday; but the scientific intelligence takes up tangible facts, as in a vice, and keeps them. Two of the most intelligent and successful general practitioners we ever knew were men with scientific hobbies *extra* their special pursuits. Not that their skill was the result of their having such hobbies, but that their having such hobbies was a proof of the natural affluence, in their case, of the scientific instinct which lies at the basis of the qualifications for a doctor.

Yet a little imagination is necessary, even for a doctor! We know a gentleman who, when very young, was treated by the family apothecary for a form of rheumatism from which he was certainly not suffering. The practitioner, who was really clever, mistook—through want of imagination—the bashfulness of youth, in the presence of age and knowledge, for shame, and he made a gross blunder in his diagnosis. The total lack of imagination is, indeed, a serious disqualification for a doctor, except in straightforward surgical cases. It leaves him open to two in particular, out of many forms of blundering. He runs in grooves without self-questioning, or he rides *medical* hobbies, usually his own. It is not beyond the capacity of a layman to tell when a doctor is doing one of these two things, nor is it beyond the function of journalism to deal with such topics. But these and other points we must defer for the present.

THE NEW OPERA SEASON.

WE mean no disrespect to Miss Minnie Hauck, when we say that the present opera season will probably be chiefly remembered on account of its having witnessed the reintroduction of powdered hair. Perhaps the ladies who so resolved to grace themselves were moved by some dim sense of

propriety in choosing the opera-house as the scene of their first experiment; for the practice of powdering the hair is said to owe its origin to certain ballad-singers, who whitened their heads in order to lend point to the wit of their songs. However, powdered hair has again made its appearance amongst us; and, on Monday evening at least, certain graceful young persons were to be seen in the Covent Garden boxes, looking not unlike a living portrait of Madame the Marchioness de Pompadour. The Pompadour, it will be remembered, had several little failings; and powdered hair was one of them—doubtless the only one that is likely to become popular among English ladies. The powdered hair was unaccompanied by patches; but the new style of dress—a hideously ugly style, too, by the way—is sufficiently *à la* Pompadour to correspond well with whitened locks, a tinted face, profuse brilliants, and a coquettish fan. A young lady, somewhat *décolletée*, wearing a puffy and inflated *cerise* silk dress, and adorned with powdered hair and its accompaniments, only wants, to complete the representation, the attentions of a young gentleman with a wig, a snuff-box, and a sword. Mr. M. Collins is extremely anxious (we do not say that he is anxious because there is little hope of his wishes being complied with) to have duelling resuscitated in England. Now, if ever, is his time. Powdered hair seems out of keeping with these piping times of peace. Who knows that as the winter approaches we may not have recalled the old swaggering, bullying, drunken days, with Lord Moltuns carrying off Mrs. Bracegirdles and Captain Pendletons taking refuge in a revived Alsatia? There are two possible explanations of the appearance of the phenomena of Monday night. The one is that the ladies were the emissaries of our future Chancellor of the Exchequer, who may wish to have the hair-powder tax made something worth receiving. The other is that certain hair-dressers have combined to force the fashion on the public by displaying its charms. If the latter supposition be correct, the audience on Monday night seemed to approve of what the enterprising tradesmen had done in their choice of blocks.

In Miss Minnie Hauck Mr. Mapleson has found an interesting and promising, if not a great, prima donna. The *débutante* comes to us, as Adelina Patti came, from America; and she ventured upon recommending herself to England by undertaking the same character—the Amina of "La Sonnambula"—in which Patti made her first appearance. Miss Hauck is remarkably young—a mere girl in fact; and while one cannot fail to be struck by the singular proficiency and accuracy in her art which one so youthful has attained, it need not be concealed that maturity is wanted to give the new prima donna's powers a fair chance. Miss Hauck has a fine and clear soprano, sweet and tolerably sympathetic in *mezza voce*, though showing signs of immaturity, rather than of weakness, in passages of extreme tension. Her execution is careful and true, rather than brilliant and fluent; but perhaps the nervousness naturally attendant upon a test-performance diminished the florid wealth of sound with which some more experienced *prime donne* run over Bellini's graceful and melodious music. Of her general impersonation of Amina, we must speak in terms of sincere praise. She is an accomplished actress; and while a slight and pardonable trace of anxiety was visible in her opening musical passages, there was none, then or afterwards, in her appropriate and expressive acting. It was clear that her audience waited to be convinced of her merits. She did not meet with a warm reception; for, after all, we had heard little of her beyond the facts that she was a pupil of Mr. Maurice Strakosch, and that Prince Poniatowsky was writing an opera for her especial benefit. Miss Hauck, however, fairly conquered this critical apathy, and conquered it by legitimate means. Doubtless her youth, her bright, expressive face, and her jet-black hair had something to do with the remarkably favourable impression she produced on an audience having eyes as well as ears; but there can be no doubt that the idealism with which she invested Amina, by her tender and passionate singing, and by her natural acting, was the cause of a genuine artistic triumph. The audience was inclined to be pleased with the opening recitation, showed itself much gratified with her delicate and accurate rendering of "Come per me sereno," and grew quite enthusiastic at the end of that beautiful and touching leave-taking between the two lovers which closes the act. There was a recall of the duet demanded, and granted; and from that moment it was apparent that the new singer had been successful. This favourable impression she maintained until the end, when it was somewhat marred by an obvious weakness in her rendering of the trying "Ah! non giunge." We are disposed, however, to attribute this slight and excusable failure to nervousness; and we have no doubt that Miss Hauck, when a few more performances have given her greater courage,

and her experience of London orchestras has accustomed her to their high pitch, will prove an operatic favourite. Not until age has strengthened her voice and lent freedom to her execution can she hope to rival the great ones of the operatic stage. In the mean time, she may be very well satisfied with the position she has won.

Signor Mongini never sang better than he did on Monday night. The singularly sympathetic *timbre* of his high chest-notes, coupled with the sustained and thrilling power of his voice generally, was never heard to better advantage, and even surprised many of his old admirers. In several passages, also, his acting was remarkably good. Signor Tagliafico appeared as Count Rodolfo, in place of Mr. Santley, who was suffering from sore throat; and the parts of Lisa, Teresa, and Alessio were respectively filled by Mdle. Bauermeister, Mdle. Cruise, and Signor Zoboli.

A "COMIC" ON HIS DEFENCE.

THERE are certain mysterious persons continually cropping up in the daily newspapers who give journalists a great deal of trouble. We cannot tell who they are, whence they come, or whither they go. The public mind was much exercised lately about "William;" then we had "Sylvio" rising in a ghostly manner from utter vacuity; and now we have "Sydney." We own, with compunction, that we are responsible for the appearance of Sydney. But for an unlucky touch, the poor ghost might have lain for ever in peaceful quiet. The circumstances attending upon this unfortunate resurrection are these. While recently calling attention to the discreditable and booth-like performances which interfere with the popularity of Evans's Concert-room, we incidentally spoke of a poor, conceited, and dull person who used to intone incoherent trash about passing events, and call his melancholy effort a comic song. A correspondent of the *Standard*, calling himself "Harry Sydney," says that he is the man. He may be, for aught we know. The style of his letter, however, inclines us to suspect that he is not a comic singer (although he dates from some obscure music-hall), but one of the gentlemen who amuse themselves and the public by writing political articles in our contemporary's columns. Why he should have descended from his anonymous pedestal, and entered the common arena of correspondence is precisely one of those mysteries or freaks with which the *Standard* loves to entertain us. "Harry Sydney," as the sportive writer dubs himself, maintains that he did sing in what he calls the cave of harmony. He has reminiscences of "that celebrated establishment" of which he is proud. He furnishes certificates of character; and claims to have enlivened with his wit one great and one tolerably distinguished English author. The former was Mr. Thackeray, who once, it seems, remarked of the *Standard's* correspondent that he was "sometimes clever, always respectable." We presume that Sydney is as incapable of understanding a joke as he is of making one, or he would scarcely have printed that good-natured but invidious compliment. From Mr. Thackeray to Dr. W. H. Russell there is a step—a rather big step. However, we are bound to hear Dr. Russell's evidence. Mr. Harry Sydney remarks that his patron is "the present candidate and, I hope, future member for Chelsea." Now, some of us remember the amusing speech Dr. Russell made when he first addressed the constituency—a speech attributed by many to that generous and exalted frame of mind in which an Irishman, during certain supreme moments, occasionally finds himself. Had Dr. Russell said to the people of Chelsea what he here says to Mr. Harry Sydney, he would have done well. For Dr. Russell says nothing—absolutely nothing. The injured "comic"—or disguised leader-writer, whichever he may be—declares that Dr. Russell "complimented" him; that is all we ever hear of Dr. Russell's appearances in Evans's supper-rooms. But it is not literature alone which smiles upon Sydney's modest efforts to sweeten the flavour of raw steaks. No; he calls a cloud of witnesses on his behalf. "In that room," he remarks, touchingly looking back upon the dead past, "I formed acquaintances, many of which have ripened into friendships, with gentlemen of every profession, and the leading men of every town and county in the kingdom." Who dare doubt it? When the leading men of the nation come to London, do they not at once rush to Evans's and their Sydney? Down in the dull bucolic swamps, do they not hunger for the delights of the cave of harmony—the acrobats standing on each others' shoulders, the jugglers flinging knives into the air, the musicians who play upon a teapot, the ventriloquists who make dolls smoke cigars? Evans's ought to be called the "Dukery."

It is the favourite rendezvous of the nobility. It is *not* supported by tipsy clerks. It is *not* adorned with the faces of shabby Israelites. The "nobility and aristocracy of wealth and talent," of whom the humorous and sprightly Sydney speaks, are its only frequenters; and there is no wonder that he became the bosom-friend of a whole hallful of dukes, earls, and barons.

"My politics," says Sydney, become morose, "are those of five out of six of the gentlemen of England." Now the melancholy person of whose performances at Evans's we spoke, had no politics. In fact, he did not seem to be possessed of anything which would require a brain for storage. The pitiful, Philistine, sham shrewdness which attempted to be funny by the introduction of the names of statesmen into a series of nonsense verses, was not of a kind to raise political opposition. The nausea it produced arose from other causes. We are, therefore, driven towards the conclusion that as this "Harry Sydney" says he has politics, he must be a disguised leader-writer. And his politics are those of five out of six of the gentlemen of England. They may be the politics of five out of six of the gentlemen, if any, who frequent Evans's, who used to go there in expectation of being allowed to give their maudlin applause to some such statements as that "The Irish Church, my friends, still exists; and Mr. Disraeli knows what he is about; and a pretty girl should be kind; and we are all good fellows, every one." These are very good politics, in their way; and they have this advantage over some of the political views expressed in our contemporary's columns—they are intelligible. But however much we may be inclined to agree with Sydney's politics, we put it to him, as a man, or a ghost—were the correspondence-columns of the *Standard* the proper place in which to advocate them? If Sydney is a leader-writer, why forsake his accustomed haunts? Why descend into the kitchen to explain his performances in the drawing-room? The readers of the correspondence-columns of the *Standard* do not need to be directed to the leader-columns of that cultivated, and impartial, and gentlemanly print. On the other hand, if Sydney is a comic singer, why defend himself, when his politics are shared by five-sixths of the gentlemen of England? Why, above all, should he seek to identify himself with that unhappy creature whose efforts to be humorous were wont to have a sort of mysterious sublimity about them, as of some inscrutable animal at the bottom of the sea trying to catch a glimpse of the stars? But Sydney is altogether a mystery. We leave him in company with "Sylvio" and "William," in the utter gloom of the Unknowable.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

AFFAIRS are going on satisfactorily in Spain, but there is still great uncertainty as to the final shape which the revolution will take. Last week we were told that even Senor Olozaga had declared himself in favour of a limited monarchy, because, though he still regarded a Republic as the best of governments in the abstract, he did not think Spain was yet fitted for one. This week, we learn that another member of the same order of politicians—Senor Orense—still adheres to the republican scheme, and has issued from Valencia a programme of a very democratic character. But it does not seem likely that he will find many to follow him. Prim, replying in the *Liberté* to M. Emile de Girardin, who had observed that to found a monarchy you must first get a king or a queen, says, pertinently enough, that to found a Republic you must first have republicans. It is very generally agreed that only a small minority of the Spaniards have any tendency that way, and it is therefore more than probable that the throne will be preserved, though it is not yet known who will fill it, and even rumour for the present is silent. M. de Girardin seems to complain that Prim did not make himself dictator in the days of September, and at once proclaim either the sovereignty of the Prince of Asturias (with a regency), or a Republic. But this would have been taking the matter out of the hands of the Spanish people, who have alone the right to deal with it; and it is very doubtful whether Prim was in a position to act in the way suggested. In the meanwhile, the reactionists are causing some little uneasiness; but the Government is probably strong enough to curb them. The Powers are gradually recognising the new order of things, and even the Papal Nuncio seems disposed to be friendly.

THE Spanish revolutionary Government, in establishing liberty of the press, has at the same time abolished the censorship upon dramatic works. This is a very commendable step, and it would

be to the credit of England if she followed in the same direction. Under the new state of things in Spain, the directors or managers of theatres are to be held responsible for any offence against morality, good manners, or public order, which may be committed at their places of entertainment. A similar arrangement in England, together with the healthy operation of public opinion, would be sufficient to prevent the stage being applied to any unworthy purposes. It is absurd to say that the present system maintains either a high moral or a high intellectual standard at our theatres. The censorship is sometimes very arbitrarily exercised. Dramatic authors are vexed by interferences in comparatively trivial matters, while really important matters are allowed to pass, or cannot be remedied. Indecent costumes and outrageous dances render some of our theatres very questionable places of amusement; yet the Lord Chamberlain is supposed to take care of our morals whenever we go to be entertained. As it is, the knowledge that there is an official protection operates against morality by making audiences less watchful and self-reliant.

AFTER a lingering illness resulting from a bronchial attack, the Archbishop of Canterbury died on Tuesday night at Addington Park, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. Dr. Longley was consecrated Bishop of Ripon in 1836; was translated to Durham in 1856, became Archbishop of York in 1860, and was transferred to the Southern Province in 1862. For about six years he has occupied the most important post of an ecclesiastical character in England, and the period has been one of considerable difficulty in religious affairs. The late prelate had to deal with Ritualism on the one hand, and Rationalism on the other. Whether he succeeded in checking either may be doubted; but he probably did as much as any one could have done under the circumstances. The Lambeth Conference was unquestionably a failure; but it was hardly in the nature of things that it should have been otherwise in days such as these. Personally, Dr. Longley was liked for his amiability, and he kept fairly aloof from taking a partisan view of his office.

MR. DOULTON, M.P. for Lambeth, has been, during the last few days, tried before the Correctional Tribunal of Brussels, on an indictment accusing him, as managing director of the Belgian Public Works Company, of fraudulently causing to be delivered to him, through the said company, sums of money amounting to £5,951. The accused did not appear, but sent a letter from England, denying the jurisdiction of the court. This seems to have been allowed by the court itself, for on Thursday morning the Judges declared that, although the "fraudulent manoeuvres" charged had been proved, the new Belgian penal code does not apply to the offence, as the fraud was committed against foreign (that is, English) interests. Consequently, no sentence was pronounced; but it will be for Mr. Doulton to satisfy his countrymen that he should be exonerated on other than technical grounds. The alleged fraud was in connection with a company of which Mr. Doulton was the head, which had been formed for carrying out the drainage of the Senne; and it is asserted that, by various ingenious arrangements, Mr. Doulton and his associates contrived to put in their pockets large sums to which they were not legally entitled. The contract was between the Burgomaster of Brussels on the one hand, and the English company on the other; and, if all that has been stated be true, it appears to have been thought that the townsfolk were fair game for any amount of plucking. That the Belgian newspapers were very handsomely "tipped" seems certain. M. Joly, proprietor and editor of *Le Sancho*, said in court he thought it quite right that papers should be paid for advocating such schemes, but he denied the statement that he had himself received money. The directors of *L'Indépendance Belge* and *L'Etoile Belge*, however, admitted that they had had money from the company; but then it was only as "gentlemen," not as "journalists." A M. Keymolen stated that the company had promised him £8,000 for "an idea." He had suggested to them the desirability of building a new Bourse; and for this, though he furnished no plans nor supplied any information, they allocated to him the sum mentioned. He was asked by the court how he could account for such a fact: to which he replied, with a shrug and a wave of the hands, "Well, you know, I have always understood that the English are very eccentric in money matters!" English eccentricity is certainly a byword on the Continent; but we are generally thought to be sufficiently acute in money-matters. It is right to add that both Mr. Doulton and Mr. Albert Grant, of the *Crédit Foncier*, who is also mixed up in the business, deny in the English papers the validity of the charges made against them.

MR. R. M. D. LITTLE—whose very name is ungrammatical—is desirous of occupying the seat just vacated by Mr. Thomas Hughes. Mr. Hughes has published a letter, explaining that his sole reason for leaving Lambeth was his wish not to divide the Liberal interest; and with the appearance of this letter comes the announcement that Mr. Littler has stepped into the field. Mr. Littler calls himself a Liberal, and promises to support the ballot and other points of the advanced Liberal programme. But whatever individual opinions he may have, his selfish and inconsiderate course of action ought at once to dispose of his claims. Liberalism cannot hope for more honest and pronounced supporters than Messrs. M'Arthur and Lawrence; and Liberalism ought to look upon any new candidate—whatever may be his personal merits—as an interloper who has much regard for his private ambition, and none for the Liberal cause. Besides, there are ugly stories afloat about Mr. Littler having, as revising-barrister, disfranchised two thousand electors in the borough of Tynemouth, over some disputed point regarding the payment of rates, and of his having refused to grant a case. However that may be, Mr. Littler has no shadow of excuse for his appearance in Lambeth, unless, which we cannot believe, he has an interest in the return of Mr. Morgan Howard.

THE odd manner in which Mr. Bradlaugh identifies himself with the *National Reformer* must confuse some readers of that journal. The *National Reformer* says:—"On Tuesday we commenced the house-to-house canvass, accompanied by a score of committee-men." The newspaper seems to have been well received while going into the houses of the Northamptonshire electors; but how that peculiar journal managed to shake hands with Dr. Lees we are not told. Here is what the *National Reformer*, speaking of Mr. Bradlaugh in the third person, says:—

"We met Dr. Lees (who is canvassing daily, but we believe without regular poll-books) in Crane-street, and on shaking hands he said, 'I wish you success,' to which we responded, 'We are sure of that.' Three cheers were given for Bradlaugh, and one person called for three cheers for Dr. Lees, but no answering cheer was given. We then, as it grew dark, suspended the canvass, and delivered a short address from Mr. Benford's window, to report the success of the day, which was received with great applause."

Who is the "we" of this paragraph? The *National Reformer*? Or the editor of the *National Reformer*? Or is it Mr. Bradlaugh, who records the fact of his speech having been received with great applause?

PROBABLY few of our readers are aware of the large number of Secular Societies that exist in London and the provinces. The object of these curious little societies is to propagate, by lectures and discussions, various forms of religious free thought, and generally the most violent and extreme forms. In a recent number of the *National Reformer* we find a long list of Secularist halls and clubs, with a brief account of subjects discussed there on recent occasions, or to be treated on future evenings. At Paddington, Mr. Maughan lectured on the "Opponents of Secularism," and Mr. Pattison "made a very rambling speech in defence of Christianity." At the South London Secular Society, a gentleman rejoicing in the potent name of Earwaker, boldly attacked St. Paul, whom he denounced as a theologian who wrote "false, absurd, and inconsistent doctrines," and as an ultra-Tory in politics. We find the same Mr. Earwaker supporting Mr. Bradlaugh's candidature before the North London Secular Society; and in the same place Mr. Myles McSweeney (the Secularists are unfortunate in their names) is, or was, to lecture on "The Historical Jesus." The chairman of the Deptford and Greenwich body asked whether, if there was no Saviour (as appeared to be the general opinion of the meeting), clergymen of all sects were not getting money under false pretences, for which offence they should be sent to keep company with Madame Rachel. Before this society Mr. Maughan is announced to lecture on a singular subject, propounded in the question, "Can there be a religion without the belief in a God as its basis?" So much for the gentlemen, but the fair sex are not inactive, for certain "ladies of freethought principles" propose to establish a Ladies' Secular Club. Among the ladies interesting themselves in this project are Mrs. Bradlaugh and Miss Emily Faithfull. The latter name, by the way, seems to be as inappropriate as that of Dr. Priestley. Seriously, however, these movements in the direction of free thought have an interest for all students of the time which should not be overlooked.

It is but just to Mr. Mill—on whose conduct with reference to the Kilmarnock election we commented with some severity

last week—to say that we appear to have been mistaken in supposing that Mr. Chadwick had obtruded himself upon the electors, without any invitation from them, and mainly by the instrumentality of the member for Westminster. A certain number of the Kilmarnock electors solicited him to stand, and Mr. Mill's original letter of recommendation was written without reference to any one constituency, but so that it might be used anywhere. What proportion of the electors sought Mr. Chadwick we do not know; but he was not altogether an interloper. This fact renders Mr. Mill's proceeding less offensive than we had supposed it to be; but we still regard his conduct in the matter as injudicious.

A CURIOUS case of alleged bigamy was partly investigated by the Marlborough-street magistrate on Wednesday. A fashionably-dressed lady, no longer young, but possessing what the reporters call "the remains of considerable personal attractions," was charged with marrying a Major Lumley in 1847, while her first husband was yet alive. She professed at that time to be a spinster, but it is averred that she had been married in 1836, at St. Helier's, Jersey, to a teacher of French, named Victor, who was known to have been alive as late as 1848. According to the statement of the plaintiff's counsel, the separation from Victor took place in 1842, and in 1864 the lady was separated from her second husband, from whom she obtained a settlement, which Major Lumley is now, not unnaturally, anxious to set aside. As yet, we know very little of the story; but it seems full of suggestions of romance, such as a clever writer like Miss Braddon might work up into an exciting tale, if bigamy had not been a little overdone.

WE regret to find that the grandchildren of the late Sir Henry Bishop, the eminent composer, are in a state of great distress. What makes the case particularly painful is the fact that their poverty is aggravated by the position of the mother—Bishop's daughter-in-law—who was recently convicted at the Middlesex Sessions of an attempt to defraud the Great Northern Railway Company, and was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment. The father of the children—Sir Henry Bishop's son—has been dead some years. He was in the employment of Sir Robert Carden, who gives him a very high character. The children are being temporarily supported by some charitable societies; and a subscription has been opened, headed by Sir William Bodkin, the judge who tried Mrs. Bishop. A musical performance with the same object is also talked of; and certainly this is a case in which the profession may be expected to come forward and assist the efforts of those less immediately interested. Sir Henry Bishop was one of the most charming of English composers. He has added many exquisite melodies to our common stock, and we may be pretty sure that neither his fellow-musicians nor the public generally will allow his grandchildren to suffer from a fault which was not their own.

THE new map of France, said to have been produced under the directions of the Emperor, with a view to showing the changes effected in several States since the commencement of the Second Empire, and of which there has been much talk for several weeks, appeared a few days ago, and has had an enormous sale. The preface by which it is accompanied describes the position of the neighbouring countries of Europe, and asserts that the aggrandisement of Prussia has not destroyed the balance of power to the detriment of France, which, with her forty millions of inhabitants, including Algeria, has "nothing to fear from any one." So far, the aspect of affairs is favourable to peace; but a speech of Baron von Beust in the Austrian Parliament, in which he referred to the necessity of keeping up the army at the standard of 800,000 men, and alluded to the possibility of war breaking out between France and Prussia as the reason for this, has an unpleasant leaning in the other direction.

CONSOLS are at 94½ to 94¾ both for delivery and the account. Prices in the railway market have ruled lower. Foreign securities have also given way, and great difficulty has been experienced in effecting sales of all but the very best descriptions. Colonial Government securities have been steady, with a fair amount of business. Bank shares have, on the average, slightly improved. A good business has been done in mining shares. Miscellaneous shares exhibit no important variation. The 1st of November falling on Sunday next, the Stock Exchange will be closed on the following day, when the half-yearly balances will be struck at the Bank of England, and the transfer offices closed. The mail

for Guayaquil has brought a remittance of £1,354. 9s. 3d., at ninety days' sight, on account of the dividends on the debt of Ecuador. The directors of the English Bank of Rio de Janeiro (Limited) have declared a dividend, on account, of 4 per cent. (8s. per share), free of income-tax, on £500,000, the paid-up capital of the undertaking, payable on the 9th of November. Messrs. Rothschild remind the holders of 39 bonds of 100 s. rs. each of the Russian Mutual Mortgage Bank, St. Petersburg, that they have been drawn for redemption at £20 each. The next drawing of 255 bonds is to take place on the 13th of November.

AT the half-yearly meeting of the Regent's Canal Company, a dividend of 10s. per share was declared. At a special meeting, the directors were authorized to issue debenture stock, bearing interest not exceeding 4 per cent., to replace debenture debt. Petitions are to be heard for winding up the Dorchester Antelope Hotel Company before Vice-Chancellor Malins on the 6th November; the St. Thomas's Floating Dock Company before the same learned judge on the first petition day; and the Poole and Cherbourg Steam-packet Company before the Master of the Rolls on the same day. An extraordinary general meeting of the Patent Phosphate or Blood Manure Company has been held at the offices, Fenchurch-street, when the resolution increasing the capital to £125,000 by the issue of 2,500 shares of £10 each, amounting to £25,000 was confirmed. At the half-yearly meeting of the General Finance, Mortgage, and Discount Company (Limited), the report, which was adopted, stated that the net profits for the six months amounted to £2,104, out of which the directors recommended the payment of a dividend at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum, after adding a sum of £400 to the reserve fund, and carrying forward £308 to the next account. The half-yearly meeting of the Trust and Agency Company of Australasia (Limited) will be held on the 9th of November, when an interim dividend will be declared for the six months ending June last. Mr. Cresswell, the chairman of the General Agency, has issued the following particulars of the proposed settlement of the Canal Cavour difficulty:—"With reference to the proposed settlement of the 'Canal Cavour' difficulty, we send for your information a summary of the terms which have been transmitted to the General Agency (Limited) from the Italian Government for the consideration of this committee of the bondholders. The guaranteed interest and redemption fund on 80,000,000f. of capital to commence to run from the 1st of July, 1868, and the coupon of the 1st of January, 1869, to be paid at due date. Bonds and obligations to be redeemed annually at £20 per cent. premium, this premium including arrears of interest and a bonus of £5 per bond. Three drawings will be effected immediately after the acceptance of the proposed terms, and the bonds drawn will be paid off on the 31st of March next. The next drawing will be effected on the 31st of July. New securities to be created for the floating debt bearing 6 per cent. interest, and redeemable in like manner with bonds and obligations after the ensuing year. Government formally acknowledges the arbitrators' award, which is to be the basis of the new order of things. After payment of these first charges the balance to be divided among the shareholders by way of amortizement and dividend, and a new Board to be appointed with the concurrence of the Government. The Minister of Finance has requested my immediate presence in Florence to arrange details, and has expressed his willingness to modify the terms in any way which may be deemed requisite in order to render more valid the guarantee of the Government."

THE Anglo-Austrian Bank here has notified that shareholders of the Lemburg-Czernowitz Railway Company desirous of applying for the new shares of the Jassy line are entitled to four new shares for every five shares they are holding, at the rate of £14 (nominal value £20, with 7½ per cent. guaranteed), and 7 per cent. during construction, which will be equal to 10 per cent. per annum. At the meeting of the Singapore Gas Company (Limited), the profits for the half-year were stated at £1,060, and dividends of 7½ and 4 per cent. per annum were declared, respectively, on the preference and original shares. The report of the Vancouver Coal Company, to be submitted on the 3rd of November, shows an available total of £12,393, and recommends a dividend of 10 per cent. for the half-year on the paid-up capital of £82,049, together with an appropriation of £3,000 to reserve, which will leave £1,133 to be carried forward. At the meeting of the Bahia Gas Company, Mr. C. Nicholson in the chair, dividends were declared of

10 per cent. on the preference and 3 per cent. per annum on the ordinary shares, carrying forward a balance of £462. The report of the directors of the West Flanders Railway Company, issued in anticipation of the half-yearly meeting called for the 5th of November, recommends a dividend of 5s. 6d. per share.

MEMORANDA.

WE are informed upon reliable authority that the clergyman known by the name of the Rev. J. Montague Bellew, whose readings and other appearances before the public have given him some notoriety, is about to be received into the Church of Rome.

Mr. W. R. S. Ralston has undertaken to introduce Krilof, the Russian fabulist, to English readers. In the book which Mr. Ralston will shortly publish, there will appear translations of nearly a hundred of Krilof's fables, with notes, a memoir, and several illustrative woodcuts. The work is likely to be an interesting and valuable one.

Mr. Hardwicke is about to publish a complete Flora of Middlesex, compiled by Henry Trimen, M.B., F.L.S., and W. T. Thiselton Dyer, B.A. Local floras are not only useful to botanical students wishing to explore the botany of a particular neighbourhood, but they also afford the compiler of national floras extended information about rare plants which are only indigenous to particular districts. Middlesex comprehends so many varieties of soil and position that a complete list and description of her plants ought to be a valuable work.

The scientific societies are about to reopen for the winter. The first ordinary general meeting of the Royal Institute of British Architects for the session of 1868-9 will be held next Monday evening, at eight o'clock, when Mr. W. Tite, M.P., will deliver an opening address. A course of lectures on architecture will be delivered by Mr. G. G. Scott, R.A., on the 4th, 11th, 18th, and 25th of March. The first scientific meeting of the Zoological Society of London for the ensuing session will take place at 11, Hanover-square, on Thursday, the 12th of November, at half-past eight o'clock, p.m., when the following communications will be made:—1. Letters from Sir Rutherford Alcock, Mr. Swinhoe, and other correspondents. 2. Report by the Secretary on recent additions to the Society's Menagerie. 3. Mr. Robert Brown. Notes on the history and geographical relations of the *Cetacea* frequenting Davis Strait and Baffin's Bay.

Dr. Liebig, it is stated, is poisoning us with his extract of meat. A remarkable paragraph has appeared in *Once a Week*, calling attention to the results of some experiments made by Dr. Kemmerich with this species of food. It appears that Liebig's extract of meat abounds in potash-salts, and that, although the preparation, administered in small doses, increases the number and strength of the heart's contractions, the effect of larger doses is to kill, with all the appearance of paralysis of the heart—a result known to be produced by potash-salts. This has been tested by an experiment on a dog. As it has been the custom of late for cooks to make use of this essence of meat in the production of soup, it is as well that the alleged operation of the extract should be widely known.

Herr Edward Hildebrandt, the celebrated Prussian landscape painter, has recently died. He had a great reputation in his own country, but was not much known in England.

Madame Dumas is dead. She is described in the *Moniteur* as "the mother of M. Alexandre Dumas the younger"—which is rather like extinguishing M. Alexandre Dumas the elder, as a person not worth referring to.

The daily papers announce the death of Mr. Frederick Dickens, latest surviving brother of Mr. Charles Dickens. Although the deceased gentleman, unlike his celebrated brother, had no literary standing, he was a person of great geniality and humour, with a fund of anecdote at his disposal, which made him popular among his friends. For the last twelvemonth he had resided at Darlington, where he died on the 20th inst., at the age of forty-eight, of abscess of the lungs, from which he had suffered for three weeks.

"The Secret Memoirs of Queen Isabel" is the title of a book just issued at Madrid for popular reading. It has had a prodigious sale, and is described as "one of the most humiliating pictures ever held up to public execration." No doubt the private life of the ex-Queen was bad enough; but one always suspects a degree of clap-net, and no very strict adherence to truth, in works of this class; and attacks on women, especially when they are under misfortune, have a character of cowardliness, which renders them distasteful to all but inveterate gossip-mongers. The Queen's favourite, Marfori, is an Italian, and was formerly an actor. Victor Emmanuel recently said of him—"That gallant has done us good service in getting Queen Isabella dethroned. The Pope may curse him, but, *mauvais sujet* though he be, he is an excellent subject of ours."

The following odd paragraph appears in the daily papers:—"We have from Valparaiso an extraordinary account of the election of a patron saint to one of the churches there, which was concluded on the 6th of September. The *Mercurio* says the favourite candidate was 'the Adorable Saviour of the World,' who polled 19,946 votes; 'the Most Holy Virgin,' 4,132. Sundry odd saints put in a poor show, polling in the aggregate 384 votes. After the election a 'Te Deum' was sung and a sermon pronounced in celebration of the joyful event."

Halfpenny evening papers do not seem to be very fortunate speculations. The other day, the *Evening Mercury*—a London

publication—expired after an existence of not many numbers; and now we learn that a Liverpool morning and evening journal, called *Dawn and Sunset*, and published at a halfpenny, died last Saturday, aged about six months. Yet we are to have another venture of the same kind, in the shape of the *Echo*.

The *Shadow*, the new Manchester publication, has added to its list of contributors the names of Messrs. Walter Thornbury, R. Whiteing, E. D. J. Wilson, Hain Friswell, Ashby Sterry, R. L. Gentles, and Thomas Archer.

It is said that copies of the *Lanterne* have recently been introduced into France from abroad in a very ingenious way. They were enclosed in plaster busts of the Emperor, which for a long while passed unsuspected, until some one in the secret called the attention of the police to the fact, and thus revealed to the baffled and puzzled functionaries the method by which so many copies of the proscribed journal had got into the country, notwithstanding numerous precautions. There is a grim humour about this device, which, one would think, must provoke a smile even on the part of authority itself. To make Napoleon III. carry his condemnation in his own head is a droll conception, which not unnaturally defied for a time the sharpest scrutiny of the police agents.

It is to be feared that we are about to lose the veteran *maestro*, Rossini. He is suffering severely from a bronchial attack, complicated with fistula, and his physicians report great prostration. Rossini was born in February, 1792, and is therefore not far short of seventy-seven years of age. At that time of life, maladies acquire a deadly force; yet the vigour and lively spirits of the great composer may carry him through. His first great success—that which set all Europe talking of him—was "*Tancredi*," which was produced at Venice in 1813, when its author was only one-and-twenty. Napoleon was in the city at the time, and honoured the opera-house by a visit; but the musician proved more popular than the Emperor. Since then, Rossini has been a leading name in operatic music. He has resided for a long while in Paris, and France has almost become his second country. When one reflects that the fame of this great composer extends over nearly the whole of the present century, it seems remarkable that he should not be even older than he is. Almost fifty years have elapsed since Charles Lamb, drolly exaggerating his natural want of interest in music, speaks of Rossini as an established name:—

"I would not go four miles to visit
Sebastian Bach (or Batch—which is it?);
No more I would for Bononcini.
As for Novello, or Rossini,
I shall not say a word to grieve 'em,
Because they're living; so I leave 'em."

A meeting of the committee of the Leigh Hunt Memorial Fund was held on Monday afternoon at 25, Norfolk-street, Strand. The chair was taken by Mr. Robert Browning, the poet, and there were present Messrs. John Watson Dalby, George Godwin, F.R.S., C. L. Gruneisen, F.R.G.S., S. C. Hall, F.S.A., Charles Kent, S. R. Townshend Mayer, F.R.S.L., Edmund Ollier, and E. M. Ward, R.A. By request of the committee, Mr. J. Durham, A.R.A., was also present, and Mr. Walter Leigh Hunt (grandson of the poet) represented the family. The ex-Chief Baron, Sir Frederick Pollock, was to have occupied the chair, "as a testimony of his regard for Leigh Hunt's memory;" but he was prevented by a cold and sore throat from coming to town, and consequently sent a letter of excuse, expressing "entire approbation of the project." Letters of concurrence, and of apology for non-attendance, had also been received from several other gentlemen, including Sir John Bowring, Mr. W. C. Macready, Mr. B. W. Procter, and Mr. William Tite, M.P., F.R.S. The Hon. Treasurer (Mr. Mayer) reported a balance of £185 in the bank, and stated that, when all subscriptions promised had been received, and incidental expenses paid, about £190 would be available for the monument. On the motion for the adoption of the design (a drawing of which was laid on the table by Mr. Hall) being put to the meeting, a proposal was made that, in addition to the contemplated quotation from Lord Lytton—"He had that first requisite of a good critic, a good heart"—the sides of the monument should bear the following quotations:—"One of those happy souls which are the salt of the earth" (Shelley); "A gifted, gentle, patient, and valiant human soul" (Thomas Carlyle). This suggestion led to some discussion, and a variety of opinions were expressed with reference to the kind of testimonial which should be inscribed on the monument, or whether any testimonial at all were necessary. Mr. Browning, the chairman, was of opinion that testimonials were superfluous, remarking that "Leigh Hunt was not a sweet-pea sort of man, who required to run up anybody else's stick." Ultimately a considerable majority of the committee carried a motion, "That the only inscription on the memorial, besides the deceased's name, and the dates of birth and death, be the line from his own poem, 'Abou ben Adhem'—'Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.'" The design, with this alteration, having been approved, and Mr. Durham being instructed to carry it out within the sum of £150, it was resolved unanimously that the public be informed that sufficient money has been subscribed for erecting the memorial. The work will be executed in Sicilian marble, which, as Mr. Durham informed the meeting, resists the action of our climate better than any other stone, and which is certainly very appropriate in the present case, as there was something Sicilian in Leigh Hunt's genius, and one of his works—the "*Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla*"—has reference entirely to the island of Theocritus. A balance is likely to remain in hand, after the payment of all expenses, and this it is proposed to apply to the preservation of the monument.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

JOHN LYLY.*

It is hardly a compliment to say that Nature never repeats herself, even in the making of sheep, much less in the making of men; for the fertility and subtlety of her invention are so infinite that it is easy for her to avoid the weakness and the makeshiftiness of the best human artist. There were many Greeks, but only one Homer; in a world of Romans, only one Cæsar; and among all Elizabeth's great Englishmen, there moved but a single Shakespeare. Applying this rule in a less notable case, we may rest assured that Nature will never give us another John Lyly. Nature brings not back the Euphuist, although she might well bring back many a less acceptable personage. With all his marvellous genius, Sir Walter Scott could not give to Sir Piercie Shafton the faintest shadow of Euphuism, or of John Lyly, who, if inspired by a curious literary finicism, is often "eloquent and wittie," putting old wisdom into new forms, and being at bottom, in spite of his wit and humour, a man of serious mind. Sir Walter's bad caricature is made to utter a species of lypphened balderdash, which is nowhere to be found in the pages of the original Euphuist, who was, indeed, capable of employing conceits, but not of resorting to such mechanical trickery. Those who have received their impressions of Euphuism, so-called, from the painted bubble in "The Monastery," or from other unfavourable sources, have now an opportunity of judging for themselves of the merits or demerits of John Lyly, so far as these appear in his once famous though now almost forgotten work, "Euphuës, the Anatomy of Wit," and "Euphuës and his England," which form one of the most notable of the English reprints which have been published under Mr. Arber's care. The editor has prefixed to the work a brief statement of the leading facts in Lyly's life, together with criticisms from a variety of authors, showing from different standpoints of time and taste the estimation in which Lyly and his writings were held. Mr. Arber has performed his editorial task with diligence, and although it is evidently to Professor Morley that we owe the suggestion of the reprint, it is Mr. Arber who has had the burden of the labour of preparation and collation of the text, and to whom, therefore, is due the credit of giving to the public a work of singular bibliographical rarity and of some intellectual note.

It is uncertain whether John Lyly was born in 1553 or 1554; but either of these years may do for one who is so long dead and so little remembered. He seems at all events to have been born in the Weald of Kent, and to have become a student of Magdalen College, Oxford, in 1569, although he did not matriculate till October, 1571, when he was entered as *plebii filius*, at the age of eighteen. In two years he took his degree of B.A.; two years later, 1575, he took his M.A.; and in the course of another two years, when he had reached the age of twenty-five, he wrote his "Euphuës, the Anatomy of Wit," which was published in the spring of 1579. It is probable that he wrote "Euphuës and his England" in the year following. These works, it is well known, brought Lyly both repute and patronage; for immediately after their publication he received some appointment from Lord Burleigh, and during the next ten years he moved about the Court of Queen Elizabeth, writing plays for the delectation of his royal mistress and her maids and gentlemen of honour. He wrote nine dramatic pieces in all: seven in prose, one in rhyme, and one in blank verse, some of which were published at the time of their presentation, and all of them about 1591. We fear that "wittie" John Lyly was not too well cared for at Court. If he was not starved, he certainly was not surfeited; and he seems, from the tone of certain petitions to the Queen, reproduced in this volume, to have actually experienced some difficulty in getting his salary as Court dramatist. In the end of the second petition, he says:—"The last and least, that if I be born to have nothing, I may have protection to pay nothing, which suit is like his that having followed the Court ten years, for recompense of his service committed a robbery and took it out in a pardon." Gabriel Harvey accredited Lyly with the authorship of a book entitled "Pappe with a Hatchet," in connection with the Martin Marprelate controversy. It is presumable that the later years of the dramatist's life were somewhat uneventful; at least, few events relating to that period are recorded. He appears to have been married, although the date of his marriage is not given; he had certainly a family, who lived in the parish of St. Bartholomew the Less, London, where he himself died in 1606, aged fifty-

* English Reprints. John Lyly, M.A. *Euphuës, the Anatomy of Wit*. Editio Princeps 1579. *Euphuës and his England*. Editio Princeps 1580. Collated with Early subsequent Editions. Carefully Edited by Edward Arber, Associate, King's College, London, F.R.G.S., &c. London: Alex. Murray & Son.

two. In 1632 the bookseller, Edward Blount, reprinted "Six Court Comedies, often presented and acted before Queen Elizabeth, by the Children of her Majesty's Chappell and the Children of Paules. Written by the only rare poet of that time, the wittie, comicall, facetiously-quick, and unparalleled John Lilly, Master of Arts." Through these comedies are sprinkled several rather ingenious lyrics, one or two of which will always bear reproduction. In "Campaspe," for instance, which was played before the Queen on New Year's-night, 1584, Apelles sings the following famous little song:—

"Cupid and my Campaspe played
At cards for kisses, Cupid paid;
He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,
His mother's doves and team of sparrows;
Loses them too, then down he throws
The coral of his lip, the rose
Growing on's cheek (but none knows how),
With these the crystal of his brow,
And then the dimple of his chin,
All these did my Campaspe win.
At last he set her both his eyes,
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
O Love, has she done this to thee?
What shall (alas!) become of me!"

Again, in the fourth act of "Midas," Apollo and Pan contend for sovereignty in music before Midas, and give the following specimens of their poetic genius. Apollo sings:—

"My Daphne's hair is twisted gold,
Bright stars apiece her eyes do hold,
My Daphne's brow enthrones the Graces,
My Daphne's beauty stains all faces,
On Daphne's cheek grow rose and cherry,
On Daphne's lip a sweeter berry,
Daphne's snowy hand but touch'd does melt,
And then no heavenlier warmth is felt,
My Daphne's voice tunes all the spheres,
My Daphne's music charms all ears.
Fond am I thus to sing her praise,
These glories now are turn'd to bays."

Pan now strikes in:—

"Pan's Syrinx was a girl indeed,
Though now she's turn'd into a reed,
From that dear reed Pan's pipe does come,
A pipe that strikes Apollo dumb;
Nor flute, nor lute, nor gittern can
So chant us, as the pipe of Pan;
Cross-garter'd swains and dairy girls,
With faces smug, and round as pearls,
When Pan's shrill pipe begins to play,
With dancing wear out night and day:
The bagpipe's drone his hum lays by,
When Pan plays up his minstrelsy.
His minstrelsy! O base! This quill
Which at my mouth with wind I fill,
Puts me in mind though ber I miss,
That still my Syrinx lips I kiss."

If there is little more, there are at least neatness of touch and brightness of fancy in these lyrics, with the merit of exactly suiting the occasions for which they were written, which is a slight proof of dramatic aptitude.

We have no intention of writing a defence of John Lyly, either as author or wit, poet or dramatist, although we are deliberately of opinion that much could justly be said in his favour in his capacity simply of author. He appeared in the seething-time of English literature, when the literary soul of the country was touched and enlarged by a strong breath of something very like divine inspiration—touched to many fine and glorious issues. The inspiration fell upon all alike; but each author, the greatest as well as the least, could only receive it in the direction of his power and to the extent of his capacity. This fact accounts for diversity of manifestation as well as for difference of result. To use a permissible figure, the writers of the Elizabethan era may be said to form a pyramid of souls, of which Shakespeare shines at the apex, while all the rest compose the broad base and the mighty ascending lines. Shakespeare alone has a spherical soul, receptive at all points, and at all points effusing and breathing upon all the light and music of his incomparable genius. His contemporaries all stand beneath him, shading off at proper intervals towards the base, yet each individual of that great pyramid of spirits having strange touches of greatness in aspect and utterance, as if the rich gold melting from the peak fell upon them like solid sunlight and gave them enduring strength and beauty. In this pyramidal figure, the position occupied by John Lyly is far enough down towards the base—we will not say how far—yet high enough to be conspicuous, and to make him become notable as he did in the eyes of his own generation. He is removed by a great distance from Shakespeare, yet he belongs to the Shakespearian group; and there is something,

however faint, in the air and quality of his thoughts, and even occasionally in his very style, savouring of the great master. If we abstract the style from the matter of "The Anatomy of Wit," we shall find a residue of solid thought, shrewd remark, and witty allusion sufficient to furnish forth a hundred modern novels, whose wonderful barrenness, both of thought and style, will astonish the critics and historians of future generations. Were it possible to admit what is said by some writers, that Lyly's romance is a contemptible production, and yet believe that it was much esteemed at the time of its publication, that it was highly valued at Court, and that it became the rage among the ladies, we should be admitting and believing something very like a contradiction. With so much that was excellent in literature, we can hardly imagine the women of so great a generation admiring a book that was really poor or contemptible. The fact is, Lyly's book may be far enough from perfection, and not undeserving of severe criticism, but it is not deserving of contempt. Its style is extremely neat and finical; it crackles all over with antitheses, and there runs through it a pleasing, sometimes monotonous sing-song of alliteration. But these are never faults in themselves; and it is only their unduly obtrusive use that becomes a vice of style. A perfect style hides the means and methods of its beauty and power, as the perfect body of the living Venus may be supposed to hide within the delicately-chiselled flesh the wonderful framework of bones, the curious network of veins, and other indescribable mysteries. That Lyly was a great offender in obtruding his means and methods is not denied; but that is equal in his case to saying that he was not so much master of his style as his style was master of him. He was in this a sinner among a host of sinners. But the faults of his style are not so much imperfections in themselves as excesses of virtue. There is nothing in the book here published that is not commendable, if we had only less of it. That it gives us too much of a good thing is its chief badness. The same thing cannot be said for many modern books. It ought to be a great point in a writer's favour that he has a style at all; how much more in his favour ought it to be when he has not only a style, but a solid world of thought and substance beneath it? Get behind or beneath Lyly's rather fantastical method, which is not so difficult as getting through the method of Carlyle, and you will come to strata of good solid matter, veined here and there with fine gold and other useful metals. In our opinion of "Euphues," we rather agree with Charles Kingsley than with Hallam. The latter says, "This is a very dull story of a young Athenian, whom the author places at Naples in the first part, and brings to England in the second; it is full of dry commonplaces. The style which obtained celebrity is antithetical and sententious to affectation; the perpetual effort with no adequate success rendering the book equally disagreeable and ridiculous, though it might not be difficult to find passages rather more happy and ingenious than the rest." Mr. Kingsley, on the other hand, in his fine historical romance "Westward Ho!" speaking defensively of the romantic character of the Elizabethan age, which was hardly less practical than romantic, says—"And if they shall quote against me with a sneer Lyly's 'Euphues' itself, I shall only answer by asking—Have they ever read it? For if they have done so, I pity them if they have not found it, in spite of occasional tediousness and pedantry, as brave, righteous, and pious a book as man need look into; and wish for no better proof of the nobleness and virtue of the Elizabethan age, than the fact that 'Euphues' and the 'Arcadia' were the two popular romances of the day." This we take to be about the truth; and especially do we agree with Mr. Kingsley when he denies that Lyly's book could, "if read by any man of common sense," produce a coxcomb like Sir Walter Scott's "Sir Piercie Shafton." In brief, "Euphues" is more to be admired for its matter than for its manner, although it would be easy, if not quite amiable, to point to one or two much-admired modern authors whose style is hardly more admirable than that of the "unparalleled John Lyly." Something of an author's manner is due to his position as a worker. Lyly was employed at Court, and therefore had much of the polish, gaiety, and gallantry of a courtier; but there are many things in his "Euphues" which clearly indicate that, had he been bred to the Church, he might have made an excellent preacher. He can talk eloquently of love, friendship, education, and religion; and we shall conclude by saying that if any adventurous reader, weary of the aridity or sloughiness of sensation novels, will at our suggestion dare to take up "Euphues," and go through it with a little intelligent patience, he will thank us for some new pleasure, and many fine grains of the wisdom that never dies.

THE MYSTERY OF SUFFERING.*

To speak first of what is of minor importance, the literary execution of the translations of these discourses,—we may say it is good; that it is only here and there that we note an imperfection; and that where the translators (a Dissenting minister and a young lady) have had doubts, they have faithfully put the original in a parenthesis. On page 7 we find the following:—"All the oceans could not wash out this moral stain. *What more is there in tears, which are only tears*, that is to say, which simply express suffering and not repentance?" There is evidently some mistake here, for the sense is imperfect. On page 28 we have:—"He is the Holy and the Just One, whom the shadow of evil has not affected (*effleuré*)."¹ But why "affected"? The natural meaning of the verb, "to graze," or "touch ever so remotely," was what the sense required. On page 7, "*Doubtless, we admit that a lost race cannot be saved without suffering*," can scarcely represent the original with exactitude.

Of the work itself, it is praise which will not be misunderstood to say that the tone of the discourses is so tenderly beautiful that a reader who did not believe one word of the Christian mysteries might be affected by it. If Evangelicism in England had many preachers like Dr. de Pressensé, it would be attractive (to many classes of people who now turn from it) in fair proportion to its undoubted energy and working power. But it appears to be only in some of the finer types of the religious mind in France or Germany that you get this peculiar *onction* (we use that word because the English equivalent has a slightly sinister meaning), this graceful movement of thought, this affectionate, human delicacy in approaching sacred themes. It seems to have its root in a certain courtesy of the heart which is not of common growth in our own stubborn stock—courtesy, in the sense in which Piers Ploughman uses the word, when he says Christ with "curteisie" dismissed the woman taken in adultery. In M. de Pressensé this "curteisie" of manner is so great that readers unaccustomed to this kind of writing may well have to look twice before they discern what our contemporary, the *Spectator*,—using a confused metaphor with just and true effect, in speaking of Mr. Matthew Arnold,—called "the imperturbable edge of dogma," that lies underneath the curteisie, ready to cut your head off in case of need.

But the edge of dogma is there, unblunted, and absolutely "imperturbable." No doubt many of our readers are aware of the high esteem in which M. de Pressensé is held by religious readers of the type usually distinguished as Evangelical in this country. They are particularly attracted to his writings, because the grace or *onction* of which we have spoken, gives them a persuasive character, and makes them acceptable in circles where the creed known as Evangelical would, nakedly stated in the usual terms, meet with a total or partial repulse. But, as far as we can make out, M. de Pressensé does plainly hold, and plainly, however gracefully, state a creed which, at the present time, may be said to be disavowed by more than half the Christians in England and America who call themselves orthodox. The restatements, by orthodox polemical writers, of late years, of what is termed "the scheme of salvation" (an irreverent expression which is not of our inventing), would make quite a library if they were all put together. By the Broad Church, the old reading of the "scheme" is, we need not say, entirely cast behind. Among the best-instructed Independents and Presbyterians considerable effect has been produced by the writings of men like Maurice, Robertson of Brighton, Horace Bushnell, and George MacDonald. Both in society and in the pulpit, to say nothing of religious literature, you may note, as much by what is not said as by what is—in the carefully-inflected phrases when the difficult topics are come to—how very much the waters of theological opinion have receded from the old shoremarks in orthodox circles. Along with this change there has been a great influx of a certain vague emotionalism of treatment in dealing with the old topics, and a competent observer may continually find unconscious admissions in the phraseology employed. Besides this, there are frequently to be noted *confusions* of phrase, which show that the preacher or the writer has imperfectly digested some new ideas, and does not perceive to what extent he is, as Milton says, "haling and dashing together irreconcilable aversations." We are bound to say that there are no such confusions in M. de Pressensé, and, though not an acute man, he is unquestionably an able one, with a power, rare in pulpit oratory, of marshalling thoughts with a kind of *cœt* which

* The Mystery of Suffering and Other Discourses. By E. de Pressensé, D.D., Author of "Jesus Christ, His Times, Life, and Work." London: Hodder & Stoughton.

may almost be called picturesque. What he has to say is well said. What has he to say about the awful mystery of suffering?

Some American magazine writer, quoting Gray's lines,—

"To each his sufferings; all are men,
Condemned alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
The unfeeling for his own,"—

added: "N.B. The tender bear *their* share of the sufferings as well as could be expected." In certain moments there does really seem to be something like irony in any attempt to "explain" the dreadful side of life. M. de Pressensé rejects in turn the optimist and the pessimist "solution." He also rejects the "solutions" which make evil a "beneficent necessity" or an expiation of our sins. He then states his view of Christianity as the true solution. And what is that view? It is that an Infinite Being created the creature called man, giving him free will and a given amount of moral resource; that this Infinite Being then permitted the most tremendous tempting power in all His universe to approach this new-made creature—the amount of whose moral resource He had Himself fixed—with the strongest and most ingenious temptation that could be devised by the malignity of an infernal intelligence as much superior to man in resource as a mother to her new-born baby. That, in the consequences of the disobedience of Adam (we have noted the quasi-disavowal at the top of page 12), all the millions of millions of human beings that have been born or ever will be born are, in fact, whatever the theory may be, involved. That God Himself in human shape offered up an infinite sacrifice and bore infinite suffering (M. de Pressensé is express on these points) for human sin. And that, inasmuch as every one who pleases may avail himself of what is offered to him in the name of this sacrifice, the mystery of suffering is solved.

Now, if Dr. de Pressensé had simply stopped at saying that all human suffering was traceable in the last resort to moral evil, the case would have been different. Or if he had simply said, "I find this in the Bible, and I believe it," the case would have been different; millions do say this—they say, "We cannot explain these things, but we believe them because they are revealed." But this was not what Dr. Pressensé was bound by his plan to do. He was bound to offer a *solution* of the mystery of suffering. Now, we do not hesitate to say that the sincerest believer in the Christian mysteries is justified in responding that the "solution" makes the "mystery" infinitely worse. It will be observed that, besides all the sufferings of humanity (the innocent perpetually suffering from the faults of the guilty), and all the sufferings of the lower animals which have never sinned, and besides the sufferings, to all eternity, of the lost (for, though Dr. de Pressensé does not formulate the doctrine of eternal punishment, it is justly inferable from page 95), we have here the absolutely infinite suffering of another Being. Applied to what end? To the salvation of a certain number, out of the appalling procession of human sufferers, from the first wail of the first infant at the side of its suffering mother to the last cry to Heaven from broken hearts or tortured frames. We perfectly understand the Roman Catholic, or the resolute Calvinist, who says, "I believe this, because I find God has said it, and I simply bow my head to what is mysterious in it." But the solemnity of the topic shall not prevent our affirming that the only terms on which any man can find the Evangelical "scheme" a *solution* of the mystery of suffering are that his mind shall be so constituted that it shall be able, when pursued by a difficulty, to retire down its own throat, like the humming-bird. The mind of Dr. de Pressensé is so constituted. Every page of his writing betrays a soft, plastic, acquiescent intelligence, on which the real stress of a difficulty falls like the blow of a sabre on a feather-bed. We would cheerfully hand this book to anybody who was capable of discovering that an *account* of a subject is not necessarily a *solution* of it, and we deeply respect the piety of Dr. de Pressensé and the spirit of his criticism of soulless negations; but, considered as solving anything, either of the four theories he rejects is at least as good as his own.

"W. R. G."*

THERE seems to us to be something destructive to modesty in the fact of a man getting a reputation under the cover of initial letters. Mr. Greg, although he now steps out before the public with his full name, has retained the dogmatic airs for which he has been at least as remarkable as he has been

distinguished. The very title which he has selected for his work is characteristic. It is not every author or critical writer who would venture to term his essays "Judgments," as if they were to become future laws in life and in literature and to be quoted as precedents whenever differences of opinion should arise. A very short time since, Mr. Greg, in a communication to the *Pall Mall*, while stating his claims to be heard as a Liberal veteran, told the Liberal party that they were being led in a wrong direction upon the Irish Church, and indeed were drifting helplessly, in a general way, towards evil courses. The jeremiad has not interfered with the elections, nor has it prevented Mr. Gladstone from continuing the policy in which he is supported by the intelligence of the country. We cannot at all accept Mr. Greg's opinions as "judgments;" still, however, it is only fair to him to say that, while he does not prove his right to a seat on the Bench, he is no bad pleader at the Bar. He never wants for words, and he economizes his thoughts with a discretion which is something artistic in its completeness. He also deals, we must admit, in good sound words, as a rule; and his sentences, if not weighted with much meaning, carry gracefully the amount of sense with which Mr. Greg is able to charge them. Nor is he destitute of rhetorical tendencies. In one paper he summons Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Kingsley before him, and nothing can be finer than his figures, especially those taken from the Bible for his purpose. Mr. Greg's redundant style is not, however, in the least like the fluent nonsense of "A. K. H. B." or his compeers. There is a certain apparent force in it although you do not know whence it comes. In short, Mr. Greg generally reminds us of the strong man of a show, who apparently can fling trunks of trees and large rocks into the air; you are conscious that if you could examine the performance closely you would find a trick in the business. Mr. Greg is a superior juggler, and has reduced to an accomplishment the practice of seeming to know more than he does on almost every subject. It is only when you have gone through his book that you discover that you have been all the time an expectant witness of mere displays, and—to use a neat phrase which Mr. Greg borrows from the wise Solomon—that you have been filling your belly with the east wind. While, however, we indicate the shortcomings of Mr. Greg's work, we ought to mention that it is by no means a dull one. It is not worth criticism in detail, but it is very well worth reading, and very interesting to read. When Mr. Greg thinks of a good thing of his own or belonging to another, you are sure not to miss the point of it for want of persistence or even repetition. For instance, in the essay on Madame de Staël, he quotes,—

"Where such fairies once have been
The grass will never grow."

And then some pages further on he again offers us the same lines as an ornament to a second theme. His paper on "French Fiction" is very forcibly feeble, nor is he fortunate in the illustrations with which he desires to support his views. He selects his cases from authors who have more or less dropped out of favour in Paris (with the exception, perhaps, of Dumas *filis*), nor does he effect much, granting that his materials were chosen with judgment. There are four or five pages of commonplace truisms on the subject, which are about as valuable to a reader as a declaration from Mr. Greg of the death of Queen Anne. We know that French novels are unwholesome reading, that they are immoral, that they deal with sad improprieties, &c. Mr. Greg, however, assumes that the public has been waiting for his "judgment" before it formed its own opinion upon "Les Mystères de Paris" or "Le Roman d'une Femme." Mr. Greg, however, has a poor notion of Victor Hugo, as well as of Eugene Sue, and here he becomes more original at least. He seems to think that "the prolongation of the horror"—leaving a hero, for instance, and his mortal enemy on the brink of a cliff for a whole chapter—is almost as bad as describing the loves of a courtesan and a libertine. He informs us that "Nôtre Dame de Paris" is the *chef-d'œuvre* of Victor Hugo, and he extracts the account of the fall of the archdeacon from the tower of the church. The work thus commented on is probably not so rare in this country as Mr. Greg supposes, nor is "Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné" a book only to be heard of in the "Literary and Social Judgments." Those who have read that remarkable study may not entirely agree with its latest critic that it is a "shocking display of perverted genius and power," from which "quotations are of course impossible." We should say that they were not impossible, but very improbable, coming after Mr. Greg's assertion, which we might defy him to justify by any passage from the book on which he gives so confident a verdict.

* Literary and Social Judgments. By W. R. Greg. London: Trübner & Co.

The best chapter in the book, and that in which Mr. Greg really finds a few new points to urge, is that headed, "Why are Women Redundant?" You have to accompany Mr. Greg in the preliminary canter which he invariably takes before settling into his stride, but then it is not disagreeable to watch him in his race. We admit that in this essay Mr. Greg has treated his subject not only with great caution, courage, and practical knowledge, but with a manly taste and decision. He does not go in as the advocate of woman's rights, as the phrase is understood, nor does he suggest any violent reforms on the great question. He simply takes the matter in hand first as a statistical difficulty, and in recommending a cure proposes a scheme that seems in every respect calculated to mitigate the evil. In enumerating the causes of celibacy he calls attention without being funny to the ease with which men are able to dispense with marriage; but he forgets that if his settlement, or one of them, would turn out successful, he ought to have examples in those countries which have been already submitted to the conditions he requires. New York is not more moral than London; nor can the States generally boast of an unusually high standard of chastity amongst men or women. Yet women are as we know comparatively scarce in the States. Nor can we agree with Mr. Greg that, because the opening of employments to women and other movements in the same line cannot do all that may be wanting, they are efforts in a wrong direction. He follows up this idea by a comparison, in which he says—"But we have something more than contempt—we have abhorrence and disgust—for the menial complaisance of the quack who is ever ready with his appetite pills and his emetics to remedy the indigestion of yesterday, and to render possible the gormandizing of to-day; or who tasks his ingenuity and skill to save his dissolute patients from the penal and corrective consequences which nature has entailed on their excesses, and to enable them to continue those excesses with immoral and mischievous impurity." This is rather hard on the physician from whom Mr. Greg expects a moral, as well as an active medicine, conscience. What on earth has the quack to do with the punishment we ought to receive for going to a wedding breakfast? His business is to relieve the pain and trouble as well as he can. Mr. Greg would not have him as bottle-holder to Nature so much as a second on the side of death, with a trick of giving sly digs to the poor patient fighting for life. It is to be understood that all those interested in the woman question of the day are, by virtue of the above comparison, adjudged quacks, and are objects of disgust and abhorrence to "W. R. G."

The essay on "Time," though very short, is not too short, and Mr. Greg might have mentioned that the central notion of it has been derived from Archbishop Whately. On the whole we must say of these "Judgments," that there is literally not much in them, though they are not devoid of scholarship, industry, and fluent grace. Mr. Greg is neither a very keen nor a brilliant writer, and he would make a very erratic and crotchety guide. It is a pity not to give him the benefit of a definite opinion on himself in return for his judicial castigation of Mr. Carlyle, Mr. Kingsley, and Victor Hugo.

THE GREAT UNWASHED.*

If the author of this book really be what he professes to be, a "Journeyman Engineer," and this appears to be the fact, he writes with much of that dexterity with which, no doubt, he was wont to handle hammer and chisel and file. He writes, indeed, as if he were something more than an engineer—which he truly is, being the writer of these papers. Although they are sketches, and therefore sketchy, they are none the less valuable on that account; and their excellence, as it seems to us, lies in the fact that they are based on personal experience and observation. The book, as a whole, is characterized by good sense and a pleasant kind of suppressed humour; but the second part, in which the author gives a variety of glimpses into the inner life of the "great unwashed," though entertaining enough, is of much slighter value than the first part, which deals with the working classes in their public relations. In the five papers which form this division is concentrated the essence of the volume. It is here that the opinions of the author on the subjects vital to his class are expressed. He speaks with some authority, and he is therefore worth hearing. A great deal of well-meaning twaddle and ill-natured invective has been written about the "great unwashed" by persons who, having themselves always been clean,

and moving exclusively in the white-handed circles, have not been favourably situated for studying the animal whom they have therefore maligned on both sides of the truth. Undue praise is a species of amiable lying; exaggeration of acknowledged inferiorities and faults, is a lying method of speaking the truth; and both are malignant in their effects upon the victims of them—the "working man" among the rest, who has been so coddled and cursed by philanthropic and misanthropic operators that at times it must have been difficult for him to tell whether he was an heir of grace or a limb of perdition. Being, however, a creature of like passions and proclivities with his social superiors, and living amid the innumerable cross-lightnings issuing from the intellectual and active spheres of life, steaming columns of applause have failed to soften his brain, and whatever sweetness of disposition he possessed has not been soured by satanic criticism; but it does not therefore follow that he cannot be misled by soft talk, or embittered by the inhuman words of the cynic. It is not the first time that he has seemed to regard himself as the one indispensable entity in the nation—all the rest, from the Queen to the luminous flunkey, being spawn of false systems of government. On the other hand he is as capable of being a fool as his betters. A duke or marquis will sometimes squander on "works of the flesh," including horse-flesh, as much money in a year as would serve to maintain a dozen "working men's" families for a life-time; and a working man will sometimes spend as much money in reducing himself to the level of the brute, and in preparing his wife and children for the workhouse, as would serve to make him a gentleman and them a happy family. Such specimens of the "washed" and the "unwashed" fool are, however, the refuse of the two classes which compose the extremes of society; and although they are not singular it would be shockingly illogical to make them represent the whole class to which they severally belong. A man who happens to be a duke is not therefore a spendthrift and a gambler; nor is a man who happens to be a "working man" therefore a sot, an ignoramus, or a fool.

We agree with the "Engineer" when he says that "there is no typical working man. The phrase 'working man,' though neat enough as a figure of speech, is utterly erroneous and misleading when employed, as it generally is, as a synonym for the working classes." It is as erroneous and misleading, indeed, as it would be to employ the word "nobleman," also a neat figure of speech, as a synonym for "noble men." Our author separates working men into three leading sections, the representatives of which he styles "the educated working man, the intelligent artisan of the popular phrase, and Mr. Lowe's working man." Although this is not an exhaustive division, yet it seems to us that a proper acquaintance with these three sections would involve, as he says, "a general knowledge of the working classes," and we are sufficiently acquainted with the subject to know that the "Engineer's" sketch is substantially a faithful one. Of course, we don't quite agree with him when he says that the educated working man owes his existence, "not to any marked individual superiority in point of intellect, or to any national or other system of education applied to the working classes, but to some happy accident of taste or circumstance which leads to his continuing the work of education beyond the schoolhouse." We are inclined to think that *taste* is not an accident, but the sign of some strongly-developed faculty in the individual; and we therefore believe that when a working man becomes or makes himself what the "Engineer" designates an educated working man, the result is due to an actual intellectual superiority, to which some "happy circumstance" may have given timely impulse or opened up an appropriate arena. Happy circumstances are always flying about the world, but it is only the happily endowed that are inspired or impelled by them. We will venture to affirm that the author of this book is one among a thousand engineers, all the other nine hundred and ninety-nine having missed being impelled by the "happy circumstance" which led him to continue his education beyond the school, simply because they lacked the taste or mental quality which enabled him to see and seize, or be seized by, the efficient occasion or event. Nature selects her best workers in all departments from the multitude, and it is therefore by a species of natural selection that men advance from an inferior to a superior class. Since, however, there is no special provision in existing systems by which any unusual endowment in a workman is taken in hand and pushed into its legitimate sphere, the "Engineer" is right in the main when he says that there is a large element of the accidental in the means or happy circumstances which enable a workman to become educated. In what sense the author regards the workman as educated, a few sentences from the book will show:—

* The Great Unwashed. By the Journeyman Engineer, Author of "Some Habits and Customs of the Working Classes," &c. London: Tinsley Brothers.

"There are learned working men—men who are 'up' in abstruse sciences and various dead and modern languages—but they are exceptional; and I wish it to be understood that, in speaking of educated working men, I use the phrase not only in a scholarly, but in a general sense—the sense in which an educated man means one who, in addition to possessing at least average mental capacity, is a well-read, well-informed member of society, who has kept and is keeping pace with the progress of the age; a man who, having class interests, is yet capable of taking a broad and tolerant view of questions affecting those interests, and of clearly expressing and giving reasons for his own sentiments upon such questions; a man who can find his greatest gratification in intellectual pursuits and pleasures, and in daily life displays in some greater or less degree that refinement which education gives. It is of men of this type that the educated section of the working classes consists."

The educated working man is, in a sense, the lawyer, scholar, and statesman of his class or shop, and is for that reason exposed on a small scale to the difficulties and annoyances which such lofty positions involve. His ability and accomplishments are generally admitted; but being above the weaknesses and follies of his fellows, he is not wholly liked; that indefinable halo of mystery which surrounds superior men is often a ground of suspicion against him; and the unavoidable exhibition in speech and action of better manners than commonly prevail in the workshop, not unfrequently draws down upon him the epithet of "prig." Perhaps the best testimony to the real worth and general good influence of the educated working man lies in the fact that he is sincerely hated by the delegate class of "working men's friends," whose policy too often consists at bottom in serving themselves. Then it is the destiny, though not invariably so, of the educated working man to get himself transferred from the workshop to some better or more congenial position. As the writer of this book has apparently done, the working man may educate himself from an engineer into a *littérateur*.

The portrait of the "intelligent artisan" is also well known. "He is really intelligent in the primary sense of the term, and from constantly being face to face with the realities of life—some of them very unpleasant realities—he acquires shrewdness; and these qualities of intelligence and shrewdness, I take it, make up that rough common sense which is put forward as his strong point, and of which, according to his admirers and flatterers, he possesses a monopoly." But with "rough common sense" there may coexist a great deal of ignorance, and a belief in long-exploded dogma on subjects of social and political import. Passionate and impulsive on his own ground, it is exceedingly difficult to give him an impulse in any direction of progress. He is intensely political; not because he knows politics, but because he is easily made to dance to the piping of the political demagogue. While honestly holding his own views, he seems to think it impossible that different opinions can be honestly held by others of his own class. The "Engineer" tells the following forcible little story about a "thoroughgoing intelligent artisan," with whom, when himself an apprentice, he had some discussion on a phase of the "bloated aristocrat" question:—

"A nobleman who had taken a leading part in the politics of the county in which his estates and our workshops were situated had died. He had been a good man, a just landlord, a kind and liberal benefactor to the poor, and had lived a blameless private and honourable public life. On his death being mentioned among a group of us in the workshop, I, remembering these things, remarked that many would miss him. To this my shopmate took indignant exception, arguing that all aristocrats were incumbrances upon the face of the earth, and consequently could not possibly be missed when taken from it. Waiving the main point, I said, 'Well, his widow will miss him anyway;' but to this more limited proposition my friend also demurred. 'Not she,' he answered; 'she's got plenty of money, she had no need to care; if it had been a working man, then you might have talked about his wife missing him.' Still, I suggested it was possible that natural feeling might exist even in an aristocrat, and that a wealthy as well as a poor woman might mourn for the loss of a good husband; whereupon, my opponent, utterly outraged by the propounding of such an unorthodox idea, and my persistence in continuing the controversy, seized a heavy piece of wood and knocked me down with it."

Yet, in spite of such unwarrantable ebullitions of feeling, the intelligent artisan is not without his virtues. "He is earnest and honest in his political beliefs," says the "Engineer," "upright in his dealings with his fellow men, and sober, industrious, prudent, and independent in his mode of life. Though bigoted in opinion, he is not selfish; for while he will make great personal sacrifices in support of his principles, it is on behalf of his class rather than of himself individually that he fights for those principles." With the advance of education throughout the country, it is not too much to expect that the "simple, intelligent artisan" will be "merged in the educated workman." He will be helped also to a practical knowledge of politics through the exercise of the new electoral power which has been placed in his hands. He may for once be instru-

mental, here and there, in sending the wrong men to Parliament. But if he do so once, he will hardly repeat the blunder. By a second election, he will have learned whom to distrust and in whom to have political confidence. The "Engineer" deals judiciously with the last and worst type of working man. He does not hesitate to describe him as he is, but he puts no gall in his pen, and he writes more in sorrow than in anger. He thinks, and, as it appears to us, upon just grounds, that it was to the lowest range of the working classes that Mr. Lowe referred in his notorious speech. To deny, indeed, that a large amount of "ignorance, drunkenness, venality, and violence" exists among the poorer sections of the working classes, is to exhibit either ignorance or wilfulness. If these things are ever to be removed or cured, they must be exposed; and he is no friend to the working classes who would wish to conceal them. Fortunately, the worst are the least in number, and will, therefore, be the least in power in any political contest like the approaching Parliamentary election. Even if great numbers of them were not, along with some of their betters, excluded from the franchise through the imperfection of the Reform Bill, the two superior sections of the working classes who are enfranchised will take care that "the power now placed in their hands is not neutralized by the unprincipled proceedings of the worst portion of the general body."

The "Engineer's" chapter on "Trade Unionism on its Trial," is exceedingly moderate and suggestive, and is worth the careful study of all who feel interested in the subject, but especially of those who condemn trade unions as wholly an evil. Unions for the benefit of those uniting are very ancient institutions, and there is hardly a learned body or profession without its union or association. That they are of great utility, if wisely conducted, there cannot be a doubt; but it did not require the Sheffield sawgrinder's assassination to convince us that they could be employed for unjust and horrible purposes. The famous union of kings for the robbery and murder of Poland was an analogous performance, and on a much grander scale than the Sheffield crimes. The right of trades and professions to form associations for self-protection and mutual benefit will not be questioned by a wise Government; but a Government that is wise will take good care that they are conducted in such a manner as not to operate to the injury of either individuals or the general community. We agree with the "Engineer" in thinking that as the learned and mechanical unions are alike faulty and restrictive, "they should alike be subjected to the investigation of the Trade Union Commission, since it would be a manifest injustice, and class legislation of the worst type, to apply repressive measures to the mechanical unions, while leaving the learned unions in unquestioned possession of monopolizing powers which, from the individual-liberty point of view, undoubtedly act in restraint of trade."

OVER HEAD AND EARS.*

THE art of the dramatist compels him to condense, and the art of the novelist as necessarily leads him to expand. A skilful dramatist puts much incident in small space, and much meaning in few words; while a romancist will always have the power to expand a small amount of matter and few incidents into the conventional number of volumes. If, however, the skill of the latter is perfect, or only good, he will never spread over three volumes what can fairly be, and ought rightly to be, compressed into one. But in fact, the art of the dramatist, and the art of the fictionist, properly considered, are one in this, that the product of each will unite the qualities of concentration and expansion. A good drama, however short, will never seem to lack either a word or a fact; and a good story, however long, will never appear to have a word or an incident too many. A perfect drama produces the feeling that it contains more than appears on the surface; and a perfect story always leaves an impression of regret that it is so soon at an end. When, however, the art is bad in either case, all these effects are reversed. A poor drama, however short, is a world too long, and all its meaning, if it has any, lies on the surface, the heart of it being hollow. A poor novel is open to the same allegations. If it is brief, its brevity is interminable; and if, with the substance of one volume, it is stretched into three, its shortcomings of length, with its tenuity of matter, insure for it the utmost brevity of existence. Almost every second or third novel of the day illustrates these remarks, and Mr. Dutton Cook's three-volumed story, "Over Head and Ears," comes in appropriately to emphasize the argument. Mr. Cook, if not

* Over Head and Ears. A Love Story. By Dutton Cook, Author of "Sir Felix Foy, Bart.," "Hobson's Choice," "Paul Foster's Daughter," &c. Three vols. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston.

wholly a good, is not wholly a bad, writer. But he belongs to a poor school, and as a member of that numerous brotherhood, he is naturally capable of performing curious literary tricks. What tricks we mean will be evident when we say that Mr. Cook stands just outside the circle of penny romancists—one half-penny beyond them, so to speak. It is, or seems to be, the system of the penny artists to set up an incident or two of love, or hate, or forgery, or murder, or perhaps all these together, and riddle the dictionary over them, when the intended story immediately takes whatever shape is possible to it—rising like one of the genii from the jar, in a cloud of smoke. With a slight variation in the process of incantation, the same incidents will serve a similar purpose as long as the operator lives, or so long as he remains a member of the penny school. When he passes beyond it, as Mr. Cook has done, he makes a fractional advance towards the domain of art, and his productions wear, in consequence, a more artistic aspect, however defective they may be at bottom. He ceases to riddle the dictionary, and begins to pick his words in obedience to deeper suggestions than ever troubled him before. In fact, the artist begins to think on a small scale; the phenomena of life present themselves to him quite differently; he sees their many relations; and by-and-by he works at the suggestion, and by the inspiration of ideas, not by any process of mechanics, so that the effusions of his mind are pure, faithful, and artistic to the limit of his genius.

Mr. Dutton Cook, though in process of development, is still far enough from perfection as a literary artist. The touches of his hand still smack of the riddling process, and his present work, "Over Head and Ears," savours strongly of the penny circle. In physical and external aspects the book has all the appearance of a perfect novel. It is in three volumes, seventy-five chapters, with a beginning, middle, and end. But one charge against it is that such story as it contains is not worth more than one volume, the other two being sheer waste writing, which very nearly makes the whole three worse than waste reading. It would be difficult to imagine a slighter story, yet Mr. Cook spins and spins with a hundred-spider power, and clothes the poor bit of plot in three volumes, or nine hundred pages of words. The thing is a literary cobweb. Does the reader doubt our judgment? Let him get the book and judge for himself. He will there discover—first, that a young fellow, Alfred Waring, the son of a London solicitor, falls in love with a poor, small, sweet, ladylike orphan girl, named Netta Joyce, whom, by the influence of his family, he cruelly and somewhat basely deserts, marrying at last, without consulting his relations, a smart young American lady of the henpecking species; and second, that Frankland Waring, the faithless lover's half-brother, falls himself in love with the discarded Netta, and marries her. These are the only two substantial facts in the story, and Mr. Cook sets them voluminously forth in nine hundred pages. The characters and incidents which float round these central facts are, all save one, shadowy and unsubstantial. Mr. Rudd, the broken-down, yet happy-hearted and loquacious artist, Netta's grandfather, is the most life-like character in the story. One likes to hear him talk; but like all the rest of the *dramatis personæ*, he talks far too much. Old Rudd gets into a debtor's prison, and then of course little Netta and her grandfather remind us of Little Dorrit and her father, though the whole situation is sufficiently different from any part or page of Dickens's tale. In justice to Mr. Cook, we must admit that his story is fairly written, as things go. Here and there a bit of smartness even crops sharply up, like a Scotch thistle in an English meadow, breaking for a moment the dead level of interminable words. But there is little of any kind in the book that is suggestive, and nothing that has the brightness of absolute originality. It leaves us nothing to think of afterwards; and the result is that, when the play is over, it is all over with the play. In justice to ourselves, we feel bound to say that "Over Head and Ears" is one of the most vicious specimens of the porous, no-thinking, windy school of novels that we have seen for many a day. A course of such reading would in a few years materially increase the amount of national imbecility. Reading is rightly a method of getting thoughts; reading such books as this is a method of getting rid of such thoughts as a reader may have.

PHYSIOLOGY AND HYGIENE.*

A LONG period must yet elapse before a proper knowledge of the laws of physiology is diffused among the people; and until that era arrives, the ceaseless iteration of physiological truths

must be regarded as a duty imposed by nature upon men combining in themselves the light of science and the love of their kind. Meanwhile, therefore, there is plenty of work for physiologists like Mr. Dalton, whose worthy aim is to popularize their favourite science. In its kind the religion of the body, as physiology may be called, is as important as the religion of the soul; and the two are so closely related that neglect of the one almost invariably involves some neglect of the other; while, on the other hand, an intelligent observance of the laws of the one seldom fails to give a wholesome impulse to the duties springing out of the other. The hasty glance over human society, especially as manifested in great cities, would convince any one of the destructiveness of ignorance in both directions. A vast amount of the physical suffering we see in large cities is traceable to an ignorant violation of the laws of physiology, some of it to sheer carelessness, and much of it to a deliberate perversion of the physical functions. To all these classes, the preaching of the physiological gospel is one of the most pressing necessities. But it is not so difficult for light to penetrate dense smoky vapour, as it is in certain localities for knowledge to pierce the thick mists of evil habit, inveterate use-and-wont, stereotyped forms of ignorance, and the ghastly shadows of poverty. The want in such a case is the multiplication of light-centres. When wise men, scorning any longer to suspect or ignorantly oppose each other, can agree to some complete system of national education, schools will be planted in every dark corner, and so thickly over the whole country, that the knowledge radiating from them will blend so as to form one unbroken atmosphere of light. This is a vision, no doubt; but we should hope not impossible as a fact. Much is possible to a people in earnest; and we shall soon see whether the people of this country are in earnest about the education of themselves and their children. They have now alike the power and the opportunity to command the abolition of ignorance—to command that every English child shall be made acquainted with the English language, English literature, English laws, and so far as it can be made to understand them, with the laws which relate to its mental and physical well-being. This matter is in the hands of the newly enlarged electorate; and we shall regard the attitude which they may assume with regard to the education question, as to some extent a test of their fitness to wield the franchise. The question will, as a matter of necessity, come early before the new Parliament; but it would help to simplify the action of statesmen if the constituencies will only deliver to the members whom they intend to elect a definite and emphatic command on the subject. We are hopeful that a vastly improved, if not a perfect, system of education will soon be established throughout the country—a system involving compulsory attendance, without which, no system could be either perfect or national. A great deal of quiet compulsion is involved in every good system of government, and there is no direction in which that element could be more justifiably and profitably extended than towards the province of education. What the exact shape of the new system will be is beyond prediction; but it cannot be going too far to anticipate that it will consist mainly in extending and perfecting the excellences of existing systems, in lopping off evils and superfluities, in liberalizing the intellectual tone of the schools, and in adjusting their powers to the nature and extent of the national wants. We may expect that some things will be taught which have hitherto been generally, if not completely, ignored. Among these neglected branches of education will be the laws of physiology, one of the most important of the subjects which ought to follow swiftly on the heels of the THREE Rs. We do not argue for a perfectly secular system of education, for that would be so far imperfect. But it seems reasonable to demand that, if the laws of eternal life must be taught in the national schools, the laws which relate more especially to this physical life of ours—a life not less divine in its origin than the life of the soul—should also be taught. That the teaching of physiology would be extremely useful and beneficial to the scholars, is admitted by all competent authorities; and that it could be as easily taught as any other branch is made clear by Professor Dalton's excellent treatise. This work is divided into easy chapters, each concluding with a body of questions suggested by the lesson, proper answers to which would amount to a complete reproduction of the chapter. Professor Dalton writes a pure good English, admirably adapted to the purpose of his treatise; his definitions are singularly clear and understandable, and we can honestly say that the effect of the work as a whole is to impress the reader with the wonderful beneficence and beauty of idea displayed by the Creator in the construction of the human body. It is almost impossible to conceive the fact that at one time the idea of

* A Treatise on Physiology and Hygiene, for Schools, Families, and Colleges. By J. C. Dalton, M.D., Professor of Physiology in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, N.Y. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston.

teaching physiology in schools and academies was looked upon with suspicion by great numbers of intelligent and well-meaning people. To hang upon the walls of schools the golden injunction, "Man, know thyself!" and at the same time shut up one of the principal channels to self-knowledge, was certainly a piece of exquisite mockery. Happily, times are changed, and men's minds are changed, and both for the better. The popular study of physiology is not now anywhere condemned, but is everywhere commended as one of the most eminent and honourable sources of human knowledge—showing as it does how, in faithfully obeying the clear divine command conveyed in every function of the human body, we may avoid evil and suffering, preserve health and happiness, acquire mental power, and gain that insight into ourselves which reveals the fact and the mystery of a spiritual world.

SHORT NOTICES.

Haydn's Dictionary of Dates. Thirteenth edition, corrected to June, 1868. By Benjamin Vincent. (Moxon.)

We have so frequently referred to this excellent work of reference that it is scarcely necessary to say anything further of the present edition than that it brings dates and facts up to a very recent period. We have now a goodly number of such books seeking popular favour, the difference between them generally consisting in certain features of arrangement. Some aim at being so comprehensive that the information afforded by them is too meagre to be of any use; others offer a series of short essays valuable enough when one happens to find the subject he is in search of treated. "*Haydn's Dictionary of Dates*" seems to us to strike a happy medium in the selection of topics; and we have no hesitation in saying that, everything being considered, it is the most useful book of its kind with which we are acquainted. The facts or dates included in the present volume now reach the number of 34,563.

The Elements of Plane Geometry. By Richard P. Wright. (Longmans.)

The veneration for Euclid is waning, and certainly the most jealous of his disciples have nothing to complain of when they consider how long their master's "*Elements*" have kept their position in the mathematical classes of our schools. But teachers of independent judgment, who were not content to follow in the well-worn track of their predecessors, the birch-wielding pedagogues, have presumed to examine the celebrated "first four books," "the sixth," and a portion of the "eleventh and twelfth," with a critical eye as to their usefulness for educational purposes, and, while acknowledging their great merit, have not hesitated to say they were far from perfect. Many have been the murmurs for and against this view, and these are now beginning to bear fruit in works on "*Geometry*," in which Euclid is made to contribute no small share, but in his proper place, and particularly in an improved arrangement to that of his own "*Elements*," logical though they be. Among the attempts to introduce a more practical style of teaching geometry by the aid of text-books, the present elementary treatise, by Mr. Wright, a practical mathematical teacher, is among the best we have seen. In a preface it receives the good opinion of Mr. T. Archer Hirst, the Professor of Mathematics in University College, London, and, as far as we have looked at it, that gentleman's praise appears deserved. The arrangement is excellent, the problems and theorems are carefully and simply worked, and the exercises to each chapter are exhaustive, as well as instructive. Teachers into whose hands this work may fall will readily see the value of it and appreciate its plan. It would be curious to watch the effect of the use of this as a text-book side by side with Euclid in two classes where the pupils were of average and equal attainments. Of the result there can be no doubt.

Isocrates. Edited by J. Edwin Sandys, B.A. (Rivingtons.)

This interesting volume is another of the series known as "*Catena Classicorum*," the earlier volumes of which we have repeatedly mentioned in terms of commendation. Mr. Sandys has chosen the *Ad Demoneum* and *Panegyricus* of Isocrates, subjects which, having been selected for one of the minor University examinations, he had lectured upon. The choice of the subject-matter is a happy one, and for educational purposes this volume is likely to prove quite as useful, and certainly as interesting, as its predecessors. Mr. Sandys supplies a modest preface; two exhaustive and scholarly essays on the style and text of Isocrates, which might have been profitably extended; a table of various readings; a bibliography; an historical and critical introduction to these special works of Isocrates; and the full text, amply illustrated with copious notes. It is almost unnecessary to add that Isocrates is produced in the same excellent style as to

clearness of type and quality of paper which has placed the "*Catena Classicorum*" among the first rank of classical school-books.

The Poetical Works of Oliver Goldsmith, Illustrated, with a Biographical Memoir and Notes on the Poems. Edited by Bolton Corney, Esq. (Longmans.)

This is a very pretty edition of Goldsmith. The illustrations are by members of the Etching Club; and several of them—particularly some of the landscapes—are very charming. The clear type, good paper, and illustrations, to say nothing of a gorgeous cover, make this edition of Goldsmith's poems a very desirable one for a birthday or Christmas gift.

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- Adams (W. H. D.), *Famous Ships of the British Navy.* New edit. Fcap., 3s. 6d.
 Almanach de Gotha, 1869. 32mo., 5s. 6d.
 Ansted (D. T.), *The World we Live in: First Lessons in Physical Geography.* Fcap., 2s.
 ———, *Physical Geography.* 3rd edit. Cr. 8vo., 9s. 6d.
 Arnold (R. A.), *From the Levant, the Black Sea, and the Danube.* 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 20s.
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